

The GRAPHIC



Twentieth Year—May 24, 1913

Los Angeles, California—Price Ten Cents

WHERE PEACE ABIDES

BY CAROLINE REYNOLDS

This is a place of peace—a leafy road that dreams at dusk;
A sunset like a pagan pyre within the west;
The first faint glory of the stars across the sky,
A little wind that whispers low, "O, tired heart, rest!"

This is a place of peace—of drowsy shades where one may feel
The pulsing heat of Nature's heart against the breast;
Lie in long grasses with the tree tops overhead,
And hear the thousand voices of the brook that whisper, "Rest!"

This is a place of peace—the mist's soft footsteps in the grass,
The deep and fragrant winds that sweep from mountain crest;
The tawny hills, serenely watching from their splendid heights
Uplift the soul and whisper, softly, "Tired heart, rest."

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TWENTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER

EDITOR



SYMPHONY PROBLEM AND A SUGGESTION

LOS ANGELES is camping on the horns of a symphony dilemma. She is in the position of that person in Gay's "Beggar's Opera" who quizzically exclaims

How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away.

With a Symphony Orchestra waiting on a subsidy for future existence and a People's Orchestra similarly handicapped, the musical education of the masses is likely to suffer and the enjoyment of music lovers curtailed unless the problem popularly known as "raising the wind" is solved and that speedily.

What is of interest to Los Angeles, musically, affects Pasadena, Long Beach, Santa Monica, Pomona and, in fact, all contiguous cities whose musical inspiration is derived at the county seat source. How shall the problem be solved so that not alone the Los Angeles' faithful, but those on the outside, may not be deprived of the educational advantages of symphony music? Perhaps, a suggestion will be in order. We offer one. Why not merge the two orchestras now striving for permanent standing, at the same time preserving the distinctive features that have marked the course of the separate organizations? In Chicago, Theodore Thomas was wont to give what he termed a rehearsal concert Friday afternoon, which was attended by the musically-elect, mainly subscribers. The same program was repeated Saturday evening to the masses and in that way a large clientele was reached.

But Los Angeles is not yet ready for a repetition of the classic program. In Chicago, it required years of preliminary work to mould the public into the proper state of receptivity. Popular concerts, led by Mr. Thomas, at which Chicago's formative elite could sit in the background and indulge in mild liquids to the strains of Boccherini's Minuet or Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" for many seasons were *en regle*. Gradually, as culture crept in and the supporting subscribers augmented, the beer and pretzels auxiliary became unnecessary and from the old exposition building the Thomas concerts gravitated into quarters more befitting the changed programs and the educated audiences.

This is not a plea for the liquid refreshment accompaniment. Far from it. But the dual concert idea by a unified organization is feasible, only we would advocate a total change of program on each occasion. For the Friday, afternoon affairs the classic symphony, the carefully selected numbers that appeal to the educated tastes. But for the Saturday evening or Sunday afternoon audiences equally good music, but more popular composers, requiring less knowledge of technique to make appeal. Such an or-

ganization might give ten or twelve symphony concerts in a season and perhaps a score of the more popular kind for the Sunday delectation. We believe that such a plan, insuring as it must liberal attendance, will prove popular, attracting the musically educated and those thirsting for good music, but without the means to feed the appetite save through the popular price of admission. Will Impresario Behymer and Maestro Edson ponder this suggestion with a view to action? That way lies the subsidy guarantee and success.

WAS LEAR HIS PROTOTYPE?

BECAUSE a Pomona man was dependent on his son for support it preyed upon his mind and in a fit of despondency he blew out his brains with a rifle shot. That is the bare story told by the wires. We are wondering if the son's conscience is entirely clear? The father was only sixty-two. Ordinarily, there is a decade or more of sturdy endeavor left to such an one. Perhaps, he was physically incapacitated. Perhaps, his mind was alert and his body weak. Perhaps, the son twitted him about his dependency and gave his father food and shelter grudgingly. We do not charge that he did, for we do not know, but it is possible that he made slurring remarks that were gall and wormwood to the older man, resulting in a self-wrought tragic ending.

If this is a true theory the present thoughts of the son must be far from pleasant as he contemplates the mutilated shell that once held the keenly sensitive spirit. Doubtless, he would give much to have unsaid the bitter word, the mean reflection that rankled in the bosom of that father who cherished him in his youth and whom he should have gloried in serving to the height of his ability. That corner that was the favorite retreat of him who will occupy it never again, how it will cry out for the once familiar figure! The place at table, the sunny spot on the porch each, too, will mutely reproach by its emptiness the unfilial conduct of the master of the house.

We trust, for his sake, that no such remorseful thoughts will sear the soul of the son as he prepares the bruised body for burial. What a wretched saving to him, now, the cost of that extra plate if its absence is the price of his harsh speech. Better a thousand times continuous sacrifice than a lifetime of self-reproach. One of the most pathetic characters Shakespeare has given us is poor old King Lear, deserted by his daughters, and lamenting their ingratitude. "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child!" exclaims the despised father. Did the self-slain Pomona man harbor such bitter reflections? For the sake of the son who must now pay the last rites to the silent figure with that cruelly shattered forehead let us hope not.

HOW MARTYRS ARE MADE

CONSIDERING the fact that on the occasion of his assisted exit from San Diego a number of months ago, what time the I. W. W. scalawags were making trouble for the authorities, Dr. Ben Reitman, business manager for Emma Goldman, was gratuitously provided with a coat of tar and feathers, one would have supposed that the exuberance of such hospitality would have left an indelible impression on his memory. Possibly, he thought the liberality of the San Diegans had exhausted itself, hence his widely-advertised purpose to return with Miss Goldman to arrange for a series of lectures on such dramatic topics as are contained in the Goldman repertory.

But the citizens of San Diego were not so forgetful as, perhaps, the peripatetic doctor could wish. An escort of welcome was awaiting the arrival of his

train and at four in the morning he and Miss Goldman and their advance agent were taken to a suite of rooms at the county jail and were thus made guests of the city. Why this solicitude? The answer is that the authorities believed they would be safer in jail than on the streets or in any hotel because of the alleged feeling against Reitman and Miss Goldman in San Diego. Possibly, that is true. But so long as Miss Goldman's lecture topics were confined to modern English drama, which she is said to treat with much illuminated perspicacity, it would have been the wiser part to have ignored her visit and that of her business manager, the tarred Reitman. Until it became evident that the presence of the pair threatened the peace of the metropolis the police might better have left them alone.

Making martyrs of these types of public characters is what they fatten on. Their arrest and incarceration in jail will be worth much to the pair in other cities as drawing cards to their lecture program. Miss Goldman was due back in Los Angeles Friday for a talk on Stanley Houghton's "Hindle Wakes" and (DV) we shall go to hear her. Whether or not she expounds the drama or uses the theme as a medium to advance her peculiar propaganda is a moot question. San Diego authorities, apparently, are not interested in the modern drama. That is their loss. One may learn from the humblest and as Miss Goldman is an erratic genius her outgiving, if confined to her text, ought to prove of interest to all students of humanity.

ABSURD PROPOSAL TO ELECT REGENTS

BECAUSE a number of state university students elected to enlist as strike breakers in the employ of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, thereby enabling that harried corporation to prosecute its business in the face of a strike in the central California district, the labor organizations of Alameda county have formed an alliance with the Socialists to "wrench control of the University of California from the capitalistic crowd now holding full sway," to quote the language of the protestants.

It is proposed to frame an initiative constitutional amendment which will make the office of regent elective, the assertion of the irate labor men being that the present board of regents in nowise represents the people who pay the bills. Corporation lawyers, bank presidents and millionaires prevail, is the declaration; "not one member who in any way represents the people who pays the bills." This is rough on the duly elected governor and lieutenant governor who are *ex officio* members of the board, in fact, the governor is the presiding officer. State Superintendent of Public Instruction Edward Hyatt is another elective officer also serving as a regent. Mr. Frederick W. Dohrmann of San Francisco is a reputable merchant of the northern metropolis and Chester Rowell of Fresno is presumed to keep close to the people through his newspaper. Mr. Guy C. Earl is a brother of that champion of the people's rights, Publisher Edwin T. Earl of Los Angeles. A member of the latter's writing staff, Mr. E. A. Dickson, is a recent appointee. Mrs. Hearst, the mother of that great laborer in behalf of humanity, William Randolph Hearst, has served on the board for upward of fifteen years and Rev. C. A. Ramm, secretary to Archbishop Riordan, is a lately named regent. The term of John A. Britton, general manager of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, expires next March. With three bankers and several lawyers the list is fairly representative of the culture of the state.

Is the board of regents responsible in anywise for the acts of the students outside the university? We humbly ask for light. Would a regent elected by the

people, as the proposed amendment contemplates, be vested with greater authority than the appointive regent to control the student body beyond university territory? If so, why so? Students short of funds and working their way through college, perhaps in electric engineering, find opportunity to gain practical experience and ready cash by filling a void caused by the voluntary abandonment of positions by striking employees. Is the board of regents to say where and how one shall work to get money with which to pursue his education? The notion is preposterous.

We do not blame the labor sympathizers with the strikers for their display of rancor, but the way to cure the tendency of which they complain is not by ousting men selected, presumably, for their fitness to serve, to replace with politicians whose ability to gather votes is in inverse ratio to their qualifications as university regents. Nor is it a question of representing the taxpayers merely that should govern in filling vacancies. The people elect their governor and he is the appointive power. If his selections are not pleasing to the majority, the remedy, obviously, is to recall him, that being the weapon so dear to the hearts of the proletariat. Whether the strikers are right or wrong in their contentions is not the argument here. Our point is that the proposed constitutional amendment is absurd in that it not only offers no cure, but will, if persisted in, make of a great educational institution a battleground for designing politicians.

ADVERTISING VERSUS BUNCOMBE

LOS ANGELES now has an ordinance making it a misdemeanor to publish advertising of a misleading nature. If a merchant says in his announcement, that a certain fabric is all wool, and it is part cotton, he is liable to prosecution; if he says his prices are reduced below cost, when, as a matter of fact, they leave him a fair profit, he may be arrested and fined. There was no opposition to the ordinance, and it slipped through so quietly and unanimously that it is doubtful if the majority of the merchants are even aware of its passage. While it is of that type of legislation that automatically condemns any person who argues against it, there is an even broader altruistic reason for the entire absence of opposition. This is the absence of any crying need for the ordinance.

Advertising has passed the hyperbolic stage. Time was when the man who commanded the greatest flow of adjectives, superlatives and extravagant figures of speech, drew the biggest salary as a writer of advertising. Those days are gone. The man now in demand is that one who possesses the faculty for marshalling, not words, but facts, in the most attractive and convincing manner. Merchants no longer compete with promises, but with deeds. The aim no longer is to lure the individual into a single purchase, but to make a permanent customer of the casual buyer. This is not to be accomplished by making the purchaser believe for the moment that he is getting that which time will surely tell him he did not receive, in value, quantity or quality. Hence they have little use for exaggerated or misleading statements, if they intend to remain in business permanently, and it is only the catch-penny, perpetual "fire sale" establishments, that are affected by this new ordinance demanding the truth in advertisements.

This is the direct result of the general elevation of the standards of intelligence on the part of the public. Education, experience with the wiles of the bunko man in his various manifestations, and warnings sounded by reputable organizations, have made the people look askance upon the superlative, until it has fallen into disuse with almost every professional advertiser excepting the theatrical advance agent, who belies his name by being always a decade or more behind in his ideas. We still have the "greatest success of the season" every few weeks, "the largest company on tour," the "most expensive production ever sent out from New York," but we remain calm in the face of such announcements. The Ad Club has inculcated the ideas of effectiveness through truthfulness and sanity, until the new law making

misleading advertising a misdemeanor, which might have been considered drastic and revolutionary not so many years ago, now causes no ripple of comment on the part of either the judicious buyer or the reputable seller.

NICE QUESTION FOR HIGHEST TRIBUNAL

APPARENTLY, the Japanese controversy shifts from the bumptiousness displayed by California's legislature to the bigger, broader question of eligibility to citizenship. The proud spirit of the Samurai descendant is touched to the quick by the invidious act of the California legislature, egged on by a narrow-minded governor, and the only balm to his wound is a declaration by the highest court in the land that no constitutional bar prevents the Japanese from availing himself of the rights of citizenship. Circumstances point to this mode of overcoming the slight at present resting on the men of Nippon. Who shall say the demand is not well grounded?

Professor William Elliott Griffis of Ithaca, a high authority on Japanese matters, is on record as answering the eligibility question in the affirmative. He takes the position—which, also, we have heretofore sedulously asserted in these columns—that the Japanese are of Aryan origin, the cradle of their race resting in the Ainu who once occupied the entire archipelago of Japan. The oldest names of the mountains and rivers are not Japanese, but Ainu, declares Professor Griffis, who has made personal study on the spot. He continues:

Made up of four of the strong races of mankind, Aryan, Semitic, Malay, and Tartar, there was no such thing as a Japanese nation (people under one general government, law, language, religion, common interests, etc.) until 1192 A. D.; and the fusion was not complete until much later. Yezo, or the northern islands, was not, until very late, in the Japanese consciousness. These northern islands were virtually unknown with definiteness until the Russian advance and invasion in the eighteenth century. Hence, the Ainu of Yezo remained separate and unincorporated, with their blood unmingled, as on the main island, where the Ainu were, centuries ago, absorbed in the composite Japanese.

It is generally agreed among scholars, archaeologists, ethnologists and others who have examined the ancient records of the Kojiki, dating back to 712 A. D., that the Mikado's realm was once an Ainu realm hence, that the basic stock of the Japanese is Aryan as much as any other stock. "After forty years' study of the Japanese," concludes Prof. Griffis, "I cannot but conceive of them as a non-Mongolian people." Professor Griffis is saturated with Japanese lore; he has lived for years in Nippon, he organized schools there more than forty years ago, was a member of the faculty of the Imperial University of Tokio and is the author of many works on Japan.

Of course, the undisputed presence of the Ainu is not conclusive as to the origin of the Japanese. For, as the New York Times points out, one cannot help remembering "the many cases in which autochthones have had little or no effect on the posterity of their conquerors. There is, for instance, practically no American Indian strain in the population of the United States, and even the negroes are among rather than of us, though it seems cruel to say so. The fact that the few remaining Ainu are a people apart from the Japanese, and held to be neither relatives nor equals, is against the theory of an ancient assimilation and amalgamation." The conclusion of our New York contemporary is thus epitomized:

If the Japanese really are "Eurasians," they are strangely different from the other hybrids to whom the name is applied, for most of the "Eurasians" are far from showing Japanese qualities and potentialities and are pretty miserable specimens of humanity. We call a man a negro, even though his white blood—in amount—far predominates over that from Africa. Theoretically, this should be humiliating to us, but we ignore theory and abide by what seems to us fact. Presumably, the ancestors of the Japanese would have done the same thing and have put the Ainu half-breeds, if there were any, in low places, not in high. That would have led, ultimately and inevitably, to the elimination of the Ainu strain.

However, even admitting this theory to be correct it does not sustain the assumption that the Japanese is a Mongolian any more than that he is a Malay, or of Semitic blood, immigrants of which races occupied

the islands of the Japanese archipelago in large numbers following the crowding to the north of the Ainu. If they are not Mongolians then how shall they be classed, ethnologically, in order to be denied citizenship? The question is an intricate one. It has never come before the highest court. If the Japanese authorities decide to accept President Wilson's suggestion and take it to the highest tribunal the decision will be of sociological as well of ethnological importance.

EXPERT OPINION ON COAST FINANCING

TWO articles in the Chicago Economist of May 3, written by men of proved standing in the banking and engineering world, are of profound interest to California in general and to Los Angeles and Pasadena in particular. The one by Mr. George B. Caldwell, vice-president of the Continental and Commercial Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago and president of the Investment Bankers' Association of America, is deserving of special attention because Mr. Caldwell is an investment banker and the institutions he controls or represents have a financial interest in the bonds of twenty-two of the biggest corporations up and down the Pacific coast. Naturally, Mr. Caldwell has made many journeys to the west in the last five or six years in connection with the requirements of the large undertakings for eastern capital. In addition, his bank has purchased many issues of bonds of California municipalities both direct and through other dealers. He is, in fact, an expert on California's financial needs.

It is with a kindly eye that Mr. Caldwell views California, which in certain respects he regards as the most attractive state in the Union. That it will one day easily care for ten millions of people is his firm belief and it is the rapid growth that justifies in his mind the quality of the improvements—business blocks, expensive hotels and the like, which a few pessimists in New York have seen fit to criticize. In spite of the evident progression in business Mr. Caldwell finds the native Californian inclined to conservatism. It is the eastern man who has found a freedom and an opportunity he never before possessed that is the radical or progressive. He instances as an illustration the growth and uses of electrical energy and the development of water power. Says Mr. Caldwell:

As late as 1902 the total amount of power used by central stations in the United States was less than 24 horse power per one thousand of population. Five years later, it was 48; in 1912 the western states created and used 168 horse power for every one thousand population. The main reason is the lack of steam coal in the West as compared to the East and the cheap water power development. The West seized upon the new force because it lacked the old, and is today using it for lighting, heating, cooking, pumping and nearly all power requirements. In certain localities, the large farms even use electricity for plowing and for milking the cows. In more than one instance power developed in the mountains is carried over 250 miles over a steel tower line, with less than a 15 per cent loss, and used for pumping water for irrigation of the once arid, but now rich valleys of Southern California.

He has seen land that sold at \$1.25 an acre—all it was worth then—made worth from \$100 to \$200 an acre in two years because of cheap electric power. With cheap raw material and cheap power he believes it will not be long before the coast states will vie in manufacturing with the older, settled states east of the Rockies. After commenting on the wonderful reclamation work in the great Sacramento valley, Mr. Caldwell pays his respects to the prolific Imperial valley and the San Gabriel valley. He sees the great oil fields only scratched, while the forests of the northern part of California are mostly as nature made them. In fruit, nuts, grains, roots, grass, cattle, sheep and hogs, California leads other Pacific coast states and gives assurance that it will continue to do so. To many good things written about California he cheerfully subscribes; he admires the energy and ambition of our people, but he has a word of caution and it is in regard to the abuse and excessive use of municipal credit. The tendency both in San Francisco and Los Angeles to be too prodigal in their bond issues he finds a real menace. It is creating suspicion among investors, not as to the goodness

of bonds now outstanding, but as to the limit the city would involve itself in a debt for light and power plants, which would be a duplication and a waste of money and which wherever tried has proved a failure. The italics are curs. He continues:

What is true of these cities must have its influence upon the smaller cities of the state, some of which have already launched into the municipal ownership game. Pasadena is already suffering a loss each year in the operation of its lighting plant, due to bad management and competition. In my judgment, these things show a dangerous tendency—a false philosophy born of an ambitious people, led by over zealous politicians. The eastern and middle western cities are full of history on municipal ownership that spells failure. Investors know these things, and the eastern money, so much needed in the west, is, therefore, timid and the more difficult to obtain. I mention this condition of things reluctantly, but not without knowing I am right, and also feeling that the worst has happened and that from now on the question of using unnecessarily municipal credit and thereby increasing taxation will likely regulate itself and become improved.

Mr. William H. Hodge of H. M. Byllesby & Company, engineers and managers, also of Chicago, has just returned to his home city from a two months' stay on the coast where he found on every hand ample evidence of activity in building construction, land sales and development, industrial expansion and general commercial enterprise. He pays a tribute to the progressive spirit of California and states that while we are often willing to try out experiments we are equally ready to abandon them if found bad and in the April election in Los Angeles he met specific instance of this trait. He refers, of course, to the rejection of the proposed power bonds to duplicate private plants and to include a hazardous plan of distributing the Owens river water. Notably, the projected high line to Pasadena which was to bring a supply to a city actually not in the market. The result proved to Mr. Hodge the trend toward conservatism since it was voiced in a city where almost any kind of an improvement plan or bond issue had theretofore found ready support. These words of warning we welcome because they reflect what we have earnestly and assiduously sounded in these columns. Coming from men of such high standing in the financial and business world they will have greater weight than the caution of a home prophet, although no truer perhaps. Aside from this one menace to California's prosperity Messrs. Caldwell and Hodge are pleasantly optimistic as to the future of the state and what they have written should be effective for good in reassuring tentative investors who may have been disturbed by the utterances of certain pessimistic New Yorkers recently returned from a visit to the coast.

TURNING OF THE WORM

SURELY, a quiet chuckle is permissible over the subtle manner in which the Japanese have scored on the legislative bores who were foremost in demanding the passage of the anti-alien land bill. Among such was Hugh B. Bradford, assemblyman from the fifteenth (Sacramento) district, whose cousin, P. K. Bradford of Bruceville, conducted Secretary Bryan, Gov. Johnson and various legislative parties through the Japanese colonies of Florin and Elk Grove in the effort to convince the investigators of the awful menace to the state of the Japanese presence. The Bradford family operates extensive winery and vineyard interests at Bruceville, employing many Japanese laborers.

Perhaps, we better put it in the past tense, for with quiet dignity and without a word of explanation the fifteen or twenty Japanese field hands working on the Bradford place at Bruceville have drawn their pay and forsaken their detractors, a course which no self-respecting citizen can consistently criticize. To remain where they were so evidently not wanted would have denoted a lack of self-pride on the part of the Japs and whatever their shortcomings that trait, certainly, is not to be included. It is a neat turning of the worm which, if persisted in, will presently demonstrate beyond mere words the asininity of those who, having barred the Chinese, now seek to deny right of ingress to the Japanese. California political agitators may denounce the aliens and seek

to close her gates to them for the sake of coddling the Tveitmoe type of labor vote, but when it comes to furnishing efficient substitutes to do the work a sorry experience will follow.

We hope that every legislator who voted in favor of the alien bill will be given the cold shoulder by the Japanese. Why should they work for men who have shown themselves so petty and cowardly and unchristian like? A list should be filed with every Japanese labor agency throughout the state and a polite refusal to send help to any inimical applicant be the unvarying rule. If the Japanese are not wanted in California, as the legislators have declared, then they have no cause to complain if the subjects of their pusillanimity construe their vote literally. If consistency is a jewel then the anti-alien legislator may have a number of gems handed to him before long by the retaliatory Jap. It promises to be delicious comedy, this turning of the worm.

CALIFORNIA STATISTICS AT A GLANCE

FROM the department of Commerce and Labor, bureau of the census, we are in receipt of a valuable abstract of the thirteenth census of the United States, taken in 1910, together with the supplement for California, containing interesting statistics for state, counties and cities. It is noted that in each decade since 1850, when California was admitted, the population of the state has increased more rapidly than that of the United States. The population of California in 1910 (2,377,549) was more than twenty-five times as large as in 1850 when it totaled 92,597. Of its 125 cities San Francisco is the largest with 416,912 inhabitants and Los Angeles is next with 319,198—that is, of course, based on 1910 statistics. Without doubt, the population of the county seat is in excess of 400,000 at this time. Oakland with 150,174 is the only other city in the state having more than one hundred thousand inhabitants.

Pasadena is credited with the highest rate of increase in the decade from 1900-10, namely 232.2 per cent, and San Francisco the lowest with 21.6 per cent. In 1890 Pasadena's population was 4,882. By the end of ten years the inhabitants had nearly doubled with 9,117 and in 1910 a gain of 21,174 over the preceding census gave a total of 30,291. Of the fifty-eight counties in California the population ranges from 309 in Alpine county to 504,131 in Los Angeles county, which leads all. The total land area of the state is 155,652 square miles. San Bernardino county with 20,157 square miles has the largest area, with San Francisco (city and county) the smallest, forty-three square miles, and the highest density, 9,695.6 persons to the square mile, as against an average of less than one person to the square mile in Alpine, Inyo and Mono counties and 15.3 persons to the square mile in the state.

Of the total population of California 1,106,533, or 46.5 per cent, are native whites of native parentage; 635,889, or 26.8 per cent, are native whites of foreign or mixed parentage; and 517,250, or 21.8 per cent, are foreign born white. The native white of native parentage showed an increase of a trifle more than 3 per cent in the last decade. In 1910 the Japanese constituted 1.7 per cent of the population; Chinese, 1.5; negroes, 0.9; and Indians, 0.7. In the total population there are 1,322,978 males and 1,054,571 females or 125.5 males to 100 females. Of the foreign-born white population of California, persons born in Germany represent 14.8 per cent; Italy, 12.3; Ireland, 10.1; England, 9.4; Canada, 8.6; Mexico, 6.5; Sweden, 5.1; Portugal, 4.3; France, 3.4; Austria, 3.3; Russia, 3.2. The total number of males 21 years of age and over is 920,397, or 38.7 per cent.

Of the total number of persons of school age, ie., from 6 to 20 years—555,554—361,077, or 65 per cent, attended school. There are 74,902 illiterates in the state or 3.7 per cent of the total (figured at 10 years of age and upward). Of the marital condition of our people 47.3 males is the percentage and 58.4 for women. This latter overplus is due first, to the excess of males in the total population and, next, to the fact that women marry younger. A mute tribute to the constancy of women to ideals is found in the statis-

tics that reveal a percentage of widowers of 4.4 and of widows 12.2, which would indicate that men more often remarry than women; again, as husbands are generally older than their wives, the marriage relationship is more often broken by death of the husband than by death of the wife. The average number of persons in the 563,636 families is 4.2 to each family. Pasadena has nearly 3,000 more women than men in her midst, the percentage being 82.4 males to 100 females.

Ranking second in land area and twelfth in population among the states the average size of the California farm is 316.7 acres and its average value, including equipment, \$18,308. In 1910 the total number of farms owned in whole or in part by the operators was 66,632, of which 39,368 were free from mortgage. The number of mortgaged farms represented 40.5 per cent of the total number of owned farms. The total value of crops in 1909 was \$153,111,000, of which orchard fruits yielded \$18,358,897 and tropical fruits (oranges and lemons preponderating) \$16,720,101. Of the native white farmers there are 58,926 or 66.8 per cent of the whole as against 1,816 Japanese—that awful menace to California! The gross output of all mining industries in the state in 1909 was valued at \$63,382,454. Petroleum and natural gas contributed \$29,306,185; gold and silver, \$18,324,618; copper, \$7,463,233. California ranked fifth among the states in the total net value of all mineral products, second in the value of petroleum and natural gas, and second and fifth, respectively, in the value of gold and silver and copper produced.

RELINQUISHES "PREXY" TITLE

STANFORD University gains a chancellor in Dr. David Starr Jordan, but loses the executive it has had since 1891, when from the administrative head of Indiana University he was called to take charge of Leland Stanford as its first president. In the twenty-two years of his incumbency the brilliantly-endowed biologist has made indelible impress in Pacific coast educational circles, but of recent years his trend has been away from the campus and purely academic work to the larger world of endeavor beyond, while his leadership in advocating the gospel of peace has given him prestige wholly aside from his university connection.

As an authority on zoology and biology Dr. Jordan ranks deservedly high. He has written many text books on the vertebrate animals of the United States and in the field of economics he has been a constant deliver. Since the inception of Stanford University Dr. Jordan has been its inspirational guide and his scholarly mind and fine ideals have given the institution a tone and a standing that many a center of learning of twice its youthful age might well envy. As chancellor he will still be in close touch with Stanford's best life while withdrawing from the immediate direction of administrative affairs. The new position is designed to give Dr. Jordan more time to devote to the world's work in the cause of education, science and civilization and particularly to his favorite solving of peace problems.

His successor, Dr. John Caspar Branner, has been vice president of Stanford University for fifteen years. Both men were at Cornell together, although Dr. Jordan was graduated three years ahead of Dr. Branner, whose class was '74. He was with Prof. Jordan at the University of Indiana as Lead geologist and followed him to the Pacific coast in 1891 in a like capacity. An intimate friend for forty-three years and an academic colleague for twenty-nine years Dr. Jordan's mantle falls on one who will in nowise dissipate the inspiring atmosphere which has proved so wholesome for students for upward of a quarter of a century. All friends of Stanford rejoice in Dr. Jordan's promotion and corresponding release from the details of administrative work and felicitate the Cardinal institution on the acquisition of so splendid an educator as Dr. John Branner for its new executive.

Essad Pasha, who essayed to be ruler of Albania, has been saved from a peck of trouble by a thoughtful assassin.

Kennedy's Dramatic Idyll of the Unpleasant---By Randolph Bartlett

(FORTY-SIXTH OF A SERIES OF PAPERS ON MODERN DRAMA)

CHARLES Rann Kennedy is not the first dramatist to write a play around "the oldest profession in the world," but he is the first to set forth his ideas on the subject in form for inspiration to youth and innocence. In his latest play, "The Necessary Evil," The Woman is a strongly contrasted character to the aggressive, unrepentant, and to a certain extent heroic Mrs. Warren of Shaw's drama. Shaw finds the source of the evil to be economic and does not pretend that there is any cure; Kennedy does not go into first causes, but he calls upon innocence to cease being a mere condition and become militant. "Then innocence is something that must be *done*," murmurs the perplexed girl to whom the revelation of the other side of life has come, and The Woman replies, "Yes, not drugged, not put away and wrapped in cotton wool. It's something violent: unrelenting. Something that must never leave off working."

In the art of conceiving a dramatic situation, Kennedy is a past master. In "The Servant in the House," "The Winterfeast" and "The Terrible Meek" the postulates have always been unique, and it is in the development of the story that he has failed to sustain the interest which he never fails to create at the outset. In "The Necessary Evil" this same talent is brought into play again with even greater force than ever. He introduces John Heron, a composer, middle-aged, kindly, devoted to Brahms, loathing Richard Strauss, gentle, lovable, and his daughter Ellie, who has just recovered from a long illness which has kept her out of touch with the world these twenty-one years of her life. The girl is deeply spiritual, "like a little pale lily, all exquisiteness and pathos." Her mother is dead, and the bond between herself and her father is beautiful. It is Nellie's birthday, and she has secretly arranged for a visit from her brother Frank, who seldom comes home from the big city where he works. There is a long, charming scene between father and daughter, all tending to show the absolute innocence of the girl and her belief in the world as all happiness and goodness.

In the midst of their joy a shadow passes across the room—a woman of the street crosses in front of the open window. Her eyes, "those dreadful eyes," is Nellie's description, haunt the girl, whose pity reminds Heron of her mother, who died of a broken heart from working among such women. "God laid too great a burden of pity upon her heart, and at last it broke," the man tells his daughter, who listens wonderingly, but not understanding, and soon her joy in life asserts itself again.

Yet not for long. The "dreadful eyes" cannot be forgotten so easily. Nellie asks questions, groping for knowledge of the secret behind the tragedy in the woman's face, and of the task her mother had set for herself and had been unable to hear. The father pleads that he would not mar his child's happiness, and to her question, "Is not life beautiful?" he replies:

HERON. I don't know. We artists like to dream it is. Little children play as though it were. Some few great saints in the world seem to find it so, in spite of everything, unto the end. But sometimes, I don't know, I don't know.

NELLIE. But why? Oh, father, can't you tell me why?

HERON. Because of sin—man's sin. Because of destruction—woman's destruction. That's why?

This is cryptic to the girl, and a long silence follows. Through the open window comes the sound of a man's voice, accosting The Woman, who is still loitering about. Heron plays a bit of Brahms to "remove the taste" and soon Nellie's brother arrives. Frank is just the average man of the world, no better, no worse. There is more merriment, a little pathetic humor over Heron's only published song, a lullaby which brings him royalties now and then, and then they sit down to the birthday tea. Nellie is lighting the candles when a knock is heard. The Woman wants to see her and the girl invites her in. Frank and his father know the type, and the younger man is for sending her away, giving her a note to the clergyman of the parish, anything to keep her from contaminating his sister; but The Woman awaits dismissal by the girl and it does not come, while the father sits silent, seeming to regard it all as the moving finger of fate. Then the prostitute speaks to the virgin in quiet words, coming from a heart full of sorrow, and wipes away the clouds of ignorance in a few plain but tender sentences. Life's greatest tragedy is laid bare in a moment while the girl, swept by overwhelming waves of pity breathes her questions, her comprehension, her sympathy. The brother fumes, but abandons his attempts to shield the innocent, as

neither Nellie nor her father gives him any encouragement. At last it becomes evident that The Woman has come, not merely to bring knowledge of evil, but to point out the power of good. She would enlist innocence in a campaign upon vice:

NELLIE. But do you mean to tell me that men like Alfred . . . men, made in the image of God . . .

WOMAN. Some men; many men; oh, you can know them, if you watch them carefully enough.

NELLIE. But their faces . . . Their beautiful, good faces . . . Oh!

WOMAN. Watch them—the straight ones won't mind. Watch them. They can't hide themselves, if you watch carefully enough. Track them down. Don't leave off watching till you find their souls.

NELLIE. But how can I—an inexperienced girl

WOMAN. That's why! That's what your innocence is for.

NELLIE. My innocence

WOMAN. Yes, if it's alive; not asleep or idle or dreaming.

NELLIE. Then innocence is something that must be done?

WOMAN. Yes, not drugged, not put away and wrapped in cotton wool. It's something violent: unrelenting. Something that must never leave off working.

NELLIE. I see, I see: the dove and the serpent: you must have them both . . . Oh, but the waste, the waste, the wickedness of it! All these years. Something ought to have been done by now. And He died so long ago! Surely our religions, our many, many hundreds of religions ought to have saved us!

WOMAN. They have been too busy damning one another.

NELLIE. But the Law—what's the Law for? The Law cannot possibly overlook a thing like this?

WOMAN. Oh, it punishes the woman right enough, when it catches her.

NELLIE. Punishes? . . . But the man . . . What of the man?

WOMAN. Man makes the Law.

Finally, the brother can stand it no longer. He turns up the lights to get away from the sentimentality which he declares has been dominating. If his sister must know, she shall know the truth. Yes, this thing is a "necessary evil," no matter how the hair-splitting moralists may declare that if it be necessary it cannot be evil, or if evil, it cannot be necessary. Come down to facts, he demands. Things are as they are, and man cannot change his passions no matter how he may loathe them. It is the conventional argument he offers, to which his father answers with the Christian platitudes, not forgetting that the thing which rises to the dignity of a platitude must begin as a basic truth of life. He may be old-fashioned, as Frank charges, but he stands to his guns. Even more, when Frank invokes art itself in his argument, the older man is not to be deflected from his confidence in the righteousness of his stand:

HERON. Don't you talk to me about Art! I'm an artist. I know all about Art! Oh, I know I'm successful, not known—that sort of success in these days you can share with pills and newspaper editors and politicians—and its true, I've only published one trumpery bit of a song, and am vain as a peacock about that; but I am an artist, all the same. God's flame burns in me, too; and the people I do reach, just the few of them, here in this little tin-pot of a place—aye, and beyond it, too—they know it! Nay, I'll prophesy: they shall know it in all nations, down the ages, after today! . . . And I tell you now, we're going to alter all this modern cackle and moon-calf worship of the bawdy bestiality they are calling Art! Yes, I—I—I, and the people like me! We are going to have the Real Thing here presently. Don't you think these filth mongers are going to have it all their own way. Not whilst we're here. The Real Thing, like the Kingdom of Heaven, is upon us! The Thing that Bach and Beethoven and Brahms stood for: the Thing that gave us Shakespeare and Euripides and Sophocles and mighty Aeschylus: the Thing that tells us the truth about God and life and human destinies and all the imperishables in the kingdom of our everlasting souls. And I'm part of it . . .

Art! You call it Art! The dirty spewings and indecencies, the greasy lusts, the back-stair adulteries, abortions, and abominations of a pack of beastly decadents! It's going to be altered, I tell you; and soon. We're going to clean out this cesspool before long. And until then let there be at least one artist to stand up in all this world of liars, and flout it in the face!

Harsh words, Mr. Rann Kennedy, and one half suspects that the good, gentle, genial, kindly Heron is voicing by direct transmission the sentiments of the author himself; for the relation of art to the subject in hand seems a little far-fetched, although when Frank says something to this effect his father

retorts, "If Religion and Art conspire in lying, how is the world ever going to be saved?" which sounds impressive, but does smack rather of the evasive. However, the embattled hosts of Heron's words are recalled, and the quiet voice of The Woman is heard again, in her last message to the innocent object of her visit.

Your innocence—cherish it, keep it unspotted—within, mind you, deep within; and let it grow. Seek wisdom and understanding with it. Don't be content any longer to be babies, playthings, dreaming dolls. Grow up. Learn to be. Next save your men. The men around you, the men you have to do with, every one of them. Even the worst. Then, when the time comes, marry. Refuse to be married. Don't let them give you away in darkness. Marry in daylight. Ask: ascertain: don't be put off with lies. And one thing above all: don't marry an unclean man. Help, pity, if you can; but don't marry him. Don't foul your precious body; it isn't your own; don't hand on unclean blood to your children. Remember, thou shalt do no murder—body or soul . . . And last; one last thing, for pity's sake, I beg you. . . Reach down the lily whiteness of your gentle hands, and lift us from the mire.

It is a new thought which Mr. Kennedy brings to his audience in this play. Shaw intimates that women can be saved from this degradation by the opening of fields of economic activity, and the energetic Vivian promises to redeem her mother's career. Brioux pins his faith upon the development of medical jurisprudence, the education of men and women to the horrors of physical consequences. Mr. Kennedy apparently holds to the belief that innocence itself is the only potent weapon against transgression—not innocence that is sheltered and maintained in ignorance for that were mere nullity—but innocence which is conscious of itself, conscious of evil, capable of discriminating and forever exiling guilt from association with itself. It is reasonable enough to hope that, if good women would marry only good men, the generations to come would be greatly benefited. Certainly the day of sex instruction for the young is rapidly drawing near and there are few communities in which it is not being discussed and even specifically planned. Legislatures are adopting laws requiring certificates of physical soundness to be presented by men seeking marriage licenses. These are all steps toward the reign of innocence which Mr. Kennedy believes would go so far toward eradicating this social cancer.

There is something fanatical, however, about the invective hurled against the attempts at modern regulation of this vice. What would Mr. Kennedy have the world do, while his Kingdom of Innocence is being established? The awful thing is here, there and everywhere. Cities like Los Angeles which have endeavored to stamp it out have simply become unspeakable sinks of iniquity, and the open bawdy of girls which is now being exposed by the grand jury is a sad reflection upon the success of the attempt to prevent the social evil by ordinance. Prohibitory laws of any sort seem only to whet the human appetites and passions, and the surreptitious offense, the combination of a breach of the law of the commonwealth and a violation of the moral code, is infinitely more pernicious than license surrounded by restrictions and safeguards.

Altogether, however, it is rather an idyllic view of the unpleasant which Mr. Kennedy has given in "The Necessary Evil." There is a chastity of treatment which removes it from the somewhat brutal plane of the Shaw and Brioux treatises on the same or kindred subjects. The exquisite virginity of the girl, the kindness of the father, the spirit of that mother permeating the scene, all lend an atmosphere of purity to the play which is lacking in "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and "Damaged Goods." Yet, strictly speaking, Mr. Kennedy again has fallen short of writing a play, for there is no progression of events. The description which Lowell anonymously applied to himself in "A Fable for Critics" fits this preacher-dramatist neatly:

There is Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to climb
With a whole bale of isms tied together with rhyme;

He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders,

But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders;

The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching
Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching;

His lyre has some chords that would ring pretty well,

But he'd rather by half make a drum of the shell,

And rattle away till he's old as Methusalem
At the head of a march to the last New Jerusalem.

Yet Mr. Kennedy is a valuable influence in the

modern drama, for he is consistent in his upward effort, toward the establishment of the Drama of Ideas. Theatrical success has been denied him in his later work, and one suspects that his diatribe upon modern art may have come from a feeling that he has not received his due; yet he is a figure in contemporary English literature not to be overlooked. Such plays as his, whether practical or not for the stage as at present constituted, are doing their part toward stimulating the evolution of the drama in the direction it so manifestly is taking in these progressive days. ("The Necessary Evil," by Charles Rann Kennedy. Harper & Bros.)

SPRING EXHIBIT MERELY A "PICTURE SHOW"

THAT huge, glass-roofed building known as the Grand Palais is now packed close, both sides, both ends, both floors, with art works of all sorts, kinds, conditions and values. The two spring exhibits are in full swing, and crowds of people are going to see the art works or are the crowds going merely to see the crowds? It truly seems so, for whenever a special day is advertised, a day when it is known that there will be a large number of fashionable people present, the halls are more crowded than on other days, especially with unfashionable people who come, I think it may be assumed, rather to see the fashionable people than to see the art works, which can be better seen on any early morning when there are few visitors. After all, it is not much fun to try to see a picture "on the line" when you have to peer over people's heads and between people's heads, with the ultimate impression of a moving picture machine with a broken film. So I suppose that the people go to see the people; that they crowd together because it is human to wish to crowd together, because, first and foremost in human sentiments is the desire always to be in the swim, never to be left out in the cold, even when the water "in the swim" is very cold indeed, and "out in the cold" is quite warm and comfortable.

I expect that a few people do come to these vast halls to see the pictures, but I am still inclined to doubt that anyone except the trained artist does see the pictures. I rather think that it is as nearly as possible impossible to see the pictures simply because there are so many of them. You may wander around and get a general impression of pictures and other art works, but it takes courage, resolution and discrimination to see any one picture and to see it properly and thoroughly, unless it happens to be one of the works that the crowd has picked out as being especially well worth seeing, and then there is always, and at all hours, a jam before it so that you can see that picture least of all. This, I assure you, is a true picture of the Salon—either Salon for there are two under the same roof. There are two things necessary to see the pictures in the Salons; get a season ticket and go every day until you have done it; and always go when the doors open in the morning and escape when the throng begins to come. Then, in this way, you may hope to see the Salons—and when you have seen them, what have you seen?

* * *

Have you seen any works of art worth seeing? Have you been deeply and truly impressed? Have you received any of that mental and spiritual uplift which is the very soul of true art? Have you been thrilled, moved, drawn out of yourself, made better and bigger and stronger and more alive as you should be by every real impression of art? Have you stepped back a few years and become an enthusiastic, buoyant youth, a child, not wandering sadly over the sands of time but taking them up and playing with them, all unconscious of their hidden menace, the tragedy where past and future meet? Have you stood before any of these works as you stand before the works of the great old masters of music, painting, sculpture and architecture, with a lump in your throat and tears in your eyes and a furtive glance at your neighbor to see if these signs of strong emotion of which you are half ashamed are noticed by him? And, with a sigh of relief, you find him the same, a common grief and a common joy.

I can assure you that none of these things has happened to you in the Salon of 1913. Why? Well, simply because the Salon of 1913 is part of the art-life of 1913, and that art-life is old and senile, feeble and reminiscent. The genius may be among us, but if he is we do not recognize him. We say, with perfect safety, that there is, today, no genius of art, of architecture, of music, of literature. There are no poets or painters. That is a part of our time. Our grasping toward the material, toward the comforts, conveniences and luxuries of what we call civilization, has destroyed our art as it has destroyed our religion—and the two are not far removed, believe me. We are living in a soulless age. And so the Salon, like the concert hall, like the shelf of our book-store, makes up in quantity for what it lacks in quality—just as if two evil deeds could equal one

good deed! The painter thinks to himself: "If I cannot make one good picture I will, at least, make ten bad ones!" And make them he does—and he hangs them if he can. And often he sells them at a high figure, for even wall paper will bring a good price if it is exquisite of texture and properly decorative. And these pictures cannot be otherwise considered than as so much wall paper. If they are bought they are bought for that purpose. They do not thrill, but they do furnish a pleasant, a richly luxurious interior, and that, at least, is something, if not what we are pleased to call art.

* * *

The Salon, then, has ceased to be an "art" exhibit and has become simply a picture store, which is quite a different thing. It bears the same relation to the art exhibit as the "Rag-time Emporium," where a man sits constantly at the piano "trying over" prospective purchases for possible customers, does to the concert hall. But one of the worst features of modern art in the presence within the sacred precincts of the accursed amateur, and by that I do not mean the amateur collector but the amateur producer. The amateur or semi-professional, one is as bad as the other. To each and both art is not a serious, bread-winning occupation but a side issue where the only impetus is self-conceit and self-gratification, where art is sandwiched in between social functions, where the studio is a junk shop of tawdry geegaws or a museum of misplaced antiques whose only object is to give poise and prominence to the possessor. It is not our concern or business where these people get their money with which to live. We only wish to state that in many cases it does not come from their art—and yet no one could have less respect for commercialism in art than myself. This seems like a foolish, paradoxical contradiction, but it is not.

For it is one thing for an artist to "work merely for money," and quite another thing for an artist to "live on his art." Most of the great artists have lived, or starved, on their art. That is not to say that they have ever been guilty of turning out "pot-boilers, of doing anything inartistic for the sake of wealth. There are just a few cases where a man was a wealthy, or independent, amateur, and yet a great artist; but these are truly great exceptions and even in these cases we cannot but feel that the man would have been still greater if he had had to struggle. So far as my own observation goes I can affirm very positively that ease breeds laziness, at times not laziness exactly, but rather slowness in the competition of a work, a state, if I may so call it, of excessive and harmful introspection and self-criticism. That is giving the amateur all credit for serious intent—which is very rare.

Great art works are never produced except under the influence of a powerful impetus. Ideas are born in the mind of a man as a result of an internal explosion—I call it so for want of a better word. They swell up quickly and even as quickly are gone. Where do they come from and why do they come? That is hard to tell. Could we but know it, could we but get that formula, even though it meant suffering, would we not many of us, would-be artists, turn to it and welcome it with open arms! But we do not know. At times it is love, at times the coming of spring, at times hunger and want, at times jealousy, at times the mere definite possibility of exhibition. Let the composer but think that his work, if good, will be heard on such and such a great occasion and he will work with feverish anxiety till it is done, and, better still, he will find that object, that hope, an inspiration. Let the newspaper editor merely say to the poet: "I will print your verses," and the opening lines of the poem will spring up to the poet's mind from a mysterious and unsuspected source, the source of true inspiration.

* * *

So it goes. . . . And yet this sort of inspiration seems to act with force only upon the professional artist. It is hard to say why, but I will make a guess. It seems that the underlying, moving spirit of the artist is an inordinate desire for the respect and consideration of his fellow-men. It may be that this is, as Ike Marvel (I think it was), termed it, an inordinate desire to be loved, to inspire love. However that may be, the idea is the same. It is torture to the artist's soul to be neglected, unseen, unknown. Naturally, therefore, the farther he is hidden away in his garret of poverty, the stronger will be the impetus which drives him on to produce that which will make his name known. The fairly wealthy or independent amateur, who always has his friends about him, cannot feel the full impulse of this utter neglect. Of course, for the professional artist, success may seem to destroy this impetus. But by that time his art idiom has become fixed. He has become a real professional, no longer dependent upon the inspiration of the moment, but able to produce calmly, unable, however, to produce a new style, or in any style but his own, which is no longer new. It is rare that an artist produces his most original work at the end of his life. Even the world's supreme

genius, Richard Wagner, planned all of his greatest work between his thirty-fifth and forty-fifth years, and, although it took many years to work it out, the inspiration seemed to have been felt and the sketches made in those early days. Parsifal, produced later in life, shows the perfection of his idiom but little invention, compared with these other works.

With these thoughts in mind it is impossible to write the usual criticism concerning this "picture store" which they call a salon by way of dignity. It is a sordid mass of technical perfection, or near perfection, without a single ray of inspiration to lessen the monotony of it. The world is athirst for an artist, for the birth of a new school. The world even welcomes, for the moment, the attempts of the cubists, the futurists, in art, in music, in decoration, so barren is our time. The world, athirst for religion as well as for art, welcomes all sorts of new sects, new thoughts, new idealisms. And through it all we know that the economic question is standing for an increase of quantity and a decrease of quality. Fewer and fewer artists ever-day live by their art, more and more inventors of new religions and new ideals live by their inventions. For the world must have art and idealism, and where it cannot find the real it will take the false. Time after time the world reaches out its hands and grasps a new hope, a new prophet, only to find itself again and again deceived by the false, the mere imitative. When will our genius come? Will he be painter, poet, musician, playwright or preacher? Who knows.

FRANK PATTERSON.

Paris, May 9, 1913.

WOMAN'S NATIONAL THEATER MOVEMENT

WHAT may be regarded as a wonderful movement has lately been started here that before long should have national significance. It is called "The Woman's National Theater, Incorporated." In recent times there have been many movements looking toward reform of the drama and dramatic art, but one and all they have split upon one rock, the desire for personal prominence or enrichment. This is the first that has been grounded upon genuine democracy. It will not be run by the few for the many, but it will be run for the many by themselves. Two questions naturally arise the instant the name is mentioned: Why a woman's theater? Why a national theater? If the theater is a universal institution why circumscribe it? These and many other things were expounded by Mary Shaw at a meeting yesterday for the benefit of those who were not fortunate enough to be present at the initial meeting held February 13. Miss Shaw said in part that up to the present time except in sporadic cases and within a small sphere no woman has ever had any real voice in determining the policy of the theater. Yet women make up from seventy-five to eighty per cent of the audiences upon which the institution is dependent for support, and women are successful actresses, playwrights, producers, agents, play brokers, theater managers and dramatic critics. Men choose the plays, choose the actors, determine interpretations and stage management performances in accord with a preconceived masculine idea of what the public wants. Usually, therefore, the presentation is false insofar as it concerns women. Men by the very nature of things cannot understand an audience made up largely of women wants or how the women in a play would disport themselves.

* * *

It would seem, in the circumstances, that women should be allowed at least a half voice in determining such things as they evidently know about, therefore it is planned to have upon this board of directors enough women to bring this about. Power to do will be the thing recognized, not money or favor. Individuals who have proved themselves better fitted to do a particular thing better than anybody else will be sought out to do this thing. Up to the present time it has been supposed that women could not master the intricacies of the business end of the theater, yet there is nothing occult in it, nothing that women have not already comprehended. Women have been pre-eminently successful as play brokers, a canny business which involves judgment and tact, not to speak of money and business methods. This business ability as well as their artistic comprehension will have free play in this new movement. Many institutions use the word national without real right to it. In this case the word is significant for the aim is to make this theater distinctly national in character. It is to be American in every sense of the word. Now, a foreigner who asks to be shown a theater that reflects the life of the American people must be told there is no such place. This is not surprising for the big producers are all of Oriental or of continental birth or descent. They give us what is in their blood. The time is ripe for America to prove it-

self. There is no reason why we should not have virile plays of American life written by Americans played by Americans and staged by Americans, plays with a technique of their own which students from abroad would feel obliged to come to this country to see.

* * *

This is what this theater means to accomplish. Further, it means to give to any community which for the space of five years has had a theater in its midst and has demonstrated its value as a factor in community life the privilege of acquiring it and making it a municipal theater. The plan is to interest women throughout the country in it, to get if possible a million who will contribute a dollar each. This will give a working fund of a million dollars. Each membership carries with it the right of buying stock which later may become interest-bearing. That this will not be a difficult task is evidenced by the way in which women are taking hold of it. The scheme is hardly mentioned before they begin taking out their purses. "I want to be in this," they say. "Here's my dollar now." Last night at dinner I casually mentioned the meeting and before I had finished explaining the object three women had signified their intention of joining the movement. The stock is to be sold in shares of \$25 each. Eighty per cent of this is to be deposited in a trust company at the usual rate of interest. When a sufficient sum has been secured to begin operations the theater will be opened in New York, thereafter in other parts of the country, as the movement grows. If by the year 1916 sufficient money has not been obtained to carry out the project, eighty per cent plus accrued interest will be returned to investors. Further, this theater is for the people. It will welcome them at prices they can afford to pay. Perhaps, it will extend its efforts to moving pictures and aid them as well to develop a national character.

* * *

It is time that our great life with its throbbing vitality manifested so wonderfully in our architecture, in our railroads, in our vast industries, should make itself felt in our art. The Greeks who invented the theater made of it a wonderful institution. This was part and parcel of their national life. The people went of necessity. It was not a luxury for the few. And because of its true democracy, because of the importance accorded it, the greatest writers of the time gave of their best to it. Give it the same importance in these days and great writers of drama will arise, for in all times the drama has been the chosen medium of expression. That the movement has the interest and earnest cooperation of Mary Shaw means that it has the services of the woman best fitted of any one in the country to carry it to success. All hail to her and the wonderful generosity that gives without stint of time and strength for the refreshment of our spirits.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, May 19, 1913.

WHIMSIES AND WITTICISMS

To California's Legislators:

Will you not follow the illustrious example set by your accomp— I mean confreres—of Kansas, that is, do something of importance, and adjourn for a long, long time. Daily papers tell us that the Kansas legislature, having abolished roller-towels and drinking-cups, proposes to "disband" for ten years, to pat itself on the back and afford the world an opportunity to admire its magnificent work. Won't you, please, do that, too? Forget the session just closed, call an extra session, abolish pie and public toothpicks, make turkey-trotting a felony, and "disband" forever.

On Beholding the Taj Mahal

Love's perfect dream in marble
Appears as in Time's mirage;
And I hear Monsieur from Paris say,
"Ma foi! j'ai vu le Taj."

What dreams of vanished splendor
In the web of my spirit lodge,
When Miss Back Bay from Boston sighs
"Ah, dear, that exquisite Taj."

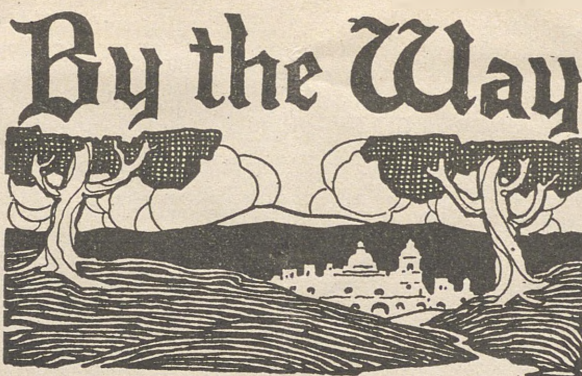
My soul's horizon expandeth,
The limits of thought enlarge,
When Mr. Bow Bells of London says:
"My eye, just pipe the Tarje."

What of those old-time lovers,
What was their life's menage?
Then Mr. Jones of Toledo remarks,
"That's great. I'm stuck on the Taj."

Next, Mr. Pike from Missouri
Says "Mollie, and Mame and Madge,
Let up on y'r gigglin' and foolin'
An' come 'n look at the Taj."

One more high soul aspireth
In a rapt, poetic rage.
As Mr. Jay Green of Squeedunk remarks,
"Gosh, Marier, jes' look at the Taje."

—NOMAD.



Belated Remembrance of the Maine

Hearst's local matutinal ebullition of egotism, and doubtless all his other publications, encountered considerable difficulty working up enthusiasm for a "Maine Day," celebrated in Los Angeles this week, (and the other cities afflicted with Hearstaria) to the honor of the victims of the tragedy in Havana harbor with a considerable amount of reflected glory for the modest William Randolph, the while a monument is being paid for by the cheering thousands (Hearst reports). It is fifteen years since the Maine was blown up, and perhaps many have forgotten that about that time there were almost countless funds started for memorials of one sort and another, and nary a memorial ever has cropped up. Unless I am much mistaken, the Hearst newspapers at that time "received" subscriptions for such a purpose, no accounting of which I have seen in the public press, and it would seem that this would have been a proper time to make explanations of the delay, before more money was contributed. However, it is doubtful if enough was handed over to the Examiner at the free street show and at the vaudeville show at the Chutes seriously to embarrass Mr. Hearst in carrying out his promise to donate a dollar to the fund for every dollar contributed by the Los Angeles enthusiasts. Mr. Hearst does not explain, however, whether this dollar he is to donate will be raised by similar means elsewhere, or will come from the old Maine monument fund, or from that source of every blessing, the Homestake mine. But why be so inquisitive? Our Willie is ever a joker.

Little Theater Is Assured

There is joy in the hearts of the devotees of the better class of dramas, for the Little Theater is assured. The proponents of this enterprise have succeeded in enlisting the support of a sufficient number of guarantors, who will see the project launched, without any hope of profit. It is not, in any sense, to be an endowed theater, the preliminary subscriptions being merely sufficient to make it possible to engage the company, build the first productions, and otherwise launch the innovation. The backers do not believe in a subsidized theater, for, they declare, if it is not wanted by a sufficient number of people to make it profitable, there is no use in continuing it. To Othman Stevens belongs all the credit for raising the guarantee fund, and at a meeting of the subscribers to be held in a few days he will turn it over to a board of directors to be chosen by them. Frank Egan will provide the stage for the organization in his new building at Figueroa and Pico, and the seating capacity probably will be limited to about two hundred and fifty.

Stevens Ripening as a Reviewer

Writing of Stevens reminds me—whether it is his association with the Little Theater movement, or simply a natural development—his criticisms are growing more valuable each week. There was a time when one suspected that business office considerations and friendship for the theater managers affected his viewpoint, but of late his keen analysis and fearless declaration of his opinions on new productions have been refreshing in the Sahara of local daily newspaper dramatic criticism, the remainder of which is either utterly silly or of little worth because of a failure to comprehend dramatic fundamentals. I hope that trip to China is postponed indefinitely.

Deserved Promotion of Santa Fe Officials

Promotion of Edward Chambers to the second vice presidency of the Santa Fe, a position rendered vacant by the demise of the lamented George T. Nicholson, was distinctly a merited advance, as was also the preferment of Sunsetter Walter Barnwell to the office of assistant freight traffic manager, to succeed his chief, Mr. Chambers. Walter Barnwell is an authority of preferentials and differentials and, withal, has the happy faculty of making friends for the railroad and adding to the business. With the big-hearted and capable I. L. Hibbard, acting general manager, in the prolonged leave of absence ac-

corded to General Manager Wells, and the passenger end admirably handled by John J. Byrne, the Santa Fe's interests are not likely to suffer west of Albuquerque.

Sierra Madre Robber Laid Low

My felicitations to Dr. Walter Jarvis Barlow on having discovered the malefactor responsible for the disappearance from his hennery at Sierra Madre of many brooders, cockerels, turkey gobblers and lesser fry of poultrydom. Repeated efforts have been made by Caretaker Fengate to waylay the thief, but it was not until last Sunday morning at five o'clock that his vigilance was rewarded. Aroused by a cackling in the hen house, the breaking of laths and the tearing of wires, Fengate, robed in scanty attire and armed with a shot gun, led handsome Dr. Walter Jarvis also in light marching order, and followed by the house servants to the scene of the disturbance. Fengate fired his shot gun. His aim laid low a female coyote, weighing about twenty-five pounds. Strewn about were carcasses of many dead fowls. It is said to be the fifteenth coyote slain there within the last five years. Carpenters have since reinforced the poultry yard to avoid a repetition of Sunday morning's episode.

Van Nuys Estate Proves Conservatism

It was rather a surprise to the general public to learn, through the announcement of the final settlement of the estate of I. W. Van Nuys a few days ago, that the total value of the property left by that pioneer was slightly less than \$3,000,000. Mr. Van Nuys had been regarded as one of the wealthiest men in Southern California, and in these days of eight-figure fortunes that left for division among the Van Nuys heirs is comparatively modest. The explanation, however, is that in the last few years of his life, Mr. Van Nuys' health was such that he did not care to enter into any operations of a speculative nature, and confined himself largely, if not exclusively, to investments of the most conservative sort. Moreover, his realty holdings were such that the period of probably greatest appreciation in value, proportionately, came in this time when his activities as an aggressive financier were voluntarily curtailed, and if he had maintained to the last his previous keen participation in the development of Los Angeles and the vicinity, there would have been a much larger sum left for his heirs. Still, three millions is a fair accumulation in one lifetime, and it will not leave the family wanting. The widow receives half of the estate, the remainder being divided equally among the three children, Misses Annis and Kate, and T. Benton Van Nuys.

Belated Literary Education of the General

It is with great satisfaction that I note the education of the ever-entertaining General Harrison Gray Otis along literary lines, though it is deplorable that it has come so late in life. In the imposing list of authors who will contribute to the Times (via syndicate, though this is just between you and me) there were mentioned last Monday the names of several noted writers, who were missing when the list was republished Thursday. Jack London, Charles Edward Russell and John Kenneth Turner—Socialists all—had fallen by the wayside, had been "canned" summarily from the Times staff, a fact of which they, doubtless, are still ignorant. Somebody had been giving the general his elementary lesson in modern literature, and he discovered goats among the sheep of his carefully guarded flock. Yet there are other names still remaining which seem out of place in this gathering of the elect, and which will certainly disappear as the warrior's progress in literature goes on. Wallace Irwin, it will be remembered, said unkind things about the Times in his "History of American Journalism." Ivan Nardov should be watched, these Russians are so erratic. W. T. Smedley once illustrated a story in which the hero was a labor union leader. And what shall we say of Carolyn Wells, who thus flouts Constituted Authority:

He owned a dozen railways and he owned a steamship line;

He owned a flock of real estate and eke an iron mine;

He owned a legislature too, but you will kindly note He owned he couldn't keep his wife from clamoring for a vote.

For an Annual Yacht Race

Douglas White, who always scintillates when telling of his experiences as a war correspondent with Schley at Santiago, is planning to call a conference here June 15 to discuss plans for a big yacht race to be held in the fall at the time of the Portola Festival in San Francisco, to run from the Pacific Coast to Honolulu. The conference is to be attended by representatives of civic and commercial organizations of every part of California, as well as by publishers, financiers, railway chiefs, development workers, professional men and others. The plan is to have William G. Irwin, sugar millionaire

of San Francisco and Honolulu, build a challenger costing about \$20,000. It is expected that this move will stimulate the sporting blood of Californians to the extent of taking up the gauntlet. Los Angeles may be the starting point, although San Francisco and San Diego are likely to compete for the honor. It is hoped to make the race an annual affair.

Like a Carter Melodhriller

Dan McLaughlin, chief executive of the local Humane Society, is to be commended for his effective work in the campaign he has started against the practice seemingly in vogue in the Los Angeles Russian colony of selling daughters to the highest bidders for wives. Almost like a Lincoln J. Carter melodhriller was Dan's arrival at the marriage license bureau of the county clerk's office this week just as "Cupid" Sparks was about to issue a license, when he succeeded in having the girl in the case declared a dependent child, hence a ward of the juvenile court, by Deputy District Attorney McCarty. McLaughlin is always on the alert for cases of this kind, and I am told the Humane Society would be able to accomplish much more if it had the full co-operation of the juvenile court. Unfortunately, there is friction at times, but when the two parties do team work the result is excellent.

Rev. Baker P. Lee Again Victor

Again Rev. Baker P. Lee has emerged triumphant from a rather unpleasant turmoil in his vestry, and the rector of Christ church seems to gain, rather than lose prestige by these deplorable incidents. It is several years since he was accused of having used his position as a leverage for obtaining loans of money which he had no means of repaying, from the wealthy members of his congregation, but it was soon shown definitely and to the satisfaction of those concerned, that the transactions were regarded by all parties directly interested as nobody's business but their own, and in no way reflecting upon the parson. Supervisor R. H. Norton's recent attempt to discredit Mr. Lee by overthrowing the entire vestry was given even more decisive and contemptuous treatment by his fellow members of the board. Symbolizing, though perhaps unconsciously, his serenity of mind in the face of these trials (and acquittals), the reverend gentleman this week has made a suggestion that a great golden cross be erected on the summit of Mount Lowe, to be illuminated at night so that it may be seen by the entire valley. It is a picturesque notion, but it is doubtful if it can be carried out in a community where *isms* and *ists* are so tangled as they are in the Angel City.

Preparing for Coming Problems

Preliminary plans for the handling of traffic and the parking of cars in connection with the San Francisco exposition are being considered this week at a meeting of representatives of Pacific Coast Passenger Association in the Bay City. Assistant Passenger Traffic Manager Byrne of the Santa Fe and General Passenger Agent Peck of the Salt Lake are in San Francisco to be present at the meeting, along with General Passenger Agent Frank Batturs of the Southern Pacific. Sentiment among local passenger men is against the granting of parking privileges on any tracks within a ten-mile zone limit of the exposition city. The argument is that the egress and ingress facilities at San Francisco, as well as at Oakland, are such that care must be taken to prevent traffic snarls what time the exposition is in full blast. Plans for handling traffic must of necessity be more or less tentative. It is expected, however, that certain committees will be appointed to take up the more pressing problems in order that a start may be made toward solution of the primary difficulties.

Where Is That Cafe of Wright's?

It occurred to me while dining in a cafe, which I discovered almost accidentally one evening recently, that in the turmoil which followed the publication of Willard Huntington Wright's "Los Angeles the Chemically Pure," everyone overlooked a riddle he propounded. In speaking of how badly food was prepared at the public eating places, Wright remarked that there was only one place in Los Angeles where one could be certain of having a meal properly cooked and served. He added, I suspect, "just to make it hard," that this was a spot which tourists had made famous. His former cronies who have seen him eating in one of the popular priced near-cafeterias not far from the temporary Times office on Spring street, imagine he was just having another smile at the expense of the good people he was so anxious to shock, and had no special cafe in mind. There is an excellent eating house in the city, however—I do not mean merely where wholesome food is placed before the diner in palatable form, but a cafe where cuisine is not merely a business, but an art. There are many restaurants where good food is procurable, but the one I have in mind

is not for the gourmand—it is for the gourmet. The waiters have been drilled by a master of the European idea, which cannot be defined, but is unmistakable to the connoisseur. The delicate odor of the viands and their artistic appearance woo all the senses and prepare the gastronomic functions for their treat—hors d'oeuvres that are not merely a concession to custom—sauces that defy the analyst but make glad the esthete—and yet when it is all over the check is not such a drain upon the purse after all. Where is it? Ah, you do not appreciate it unless you find it for yourself.

Mrs. Sidney Budgett's New Book

Lippincotts have announced another novel by Elizabeth Dejeans, who is well known in Los Angeles as Mrs. Sidney Budgett. This careful and painstaking writer essays one story a year, usually a fairly long one, and as a result of her close application her works are sufficiently successful that the conservative Philadelphia publishers are always ready to accept her manuscripts. Mrs. Budgett is as systematic in her life as she is in her work. Each winter she goes to New York, always to the same hotel, on the edge of the slums, but overlooking a square, and there she gathers her material. Returning to California in the spring she sets to work, either in the city or, more likely, in a little bungalow in the San Bernardino mountains. She does not believe in "artist colonies" for stimulation of production, but likes to be alone when she is creating. "The House of Thane," is the name of her latest book.

Reward of Merit

It is surely the reward of efficient service that comes to Fire Chief Eley in the form of reappointment for another year and a recommendation by the fire commission to the city council that an appropriation of \$350 be made for the expenses of the chief on a trip to the international fire engineers' convention, to be held in New York in September. Eley will make a strong effort to have that body convene here in 1915. Following his reappointment Chief Eley was granted leave of absence for one year, as captain, a step necessary to permit him to retain his civil service standing.

Captain Bradish on the Mend

It is good news that Captain Bradish, one of the most popular and efficient officers in the Los Angeles police department, is convalescing from the illness for which he was taken to Wheeler Springs, and which it was feared would prove fatal. Not only is Captain Bradish a valuable citizen, but he has a host of friends among the oldtimers, outside of his official acquaintances. One bit of reminiscence regarding the Captain comes to mind especially this week in connection with the death of Mrs. Rebecca Crouse, grandmother of Mrs. J. A. Galbraith. Mrs. Galbraith was Miss Helen Sherman, and at the death of her parents Captain Bradish was her guardian and administrator of the estate. In his hands it reached substantial proportions, his judicious investments turning out excellently for his ward, who was entirely dependent upon his business sagacity. Since Miss Newman married Mr. Galbraith, then the popular leading man of the Belasco theater, I understand her fortune has still further augmented, the actor proving himself as capable in finance as in art. Incidentally, there was a bit of silly journalism evidenced in a morning paper recently, an item of gossip concerning Joe Galbraith being seen in the lobby of the Morosco theater being the inspiration for a headline to the effect that he was about to return to the stage. I imagine it would take a John Drew salary to tempt the erstwhile leading man back to the thralldom of the make-up box and the call-boy.

Frank Flint Keeps Open House

President Frank P. Flint of the Los Angeles Title and Trust Company and the Mortgage Guarantee Company, ably assisted by Acting Secretary Will B. Stringfellow and the directors, kept "open house" Monday in the company's handsome and commodious new six-story building at 624 South Spring street, the only building of its size devoted exclusively to the title and abstract and mortgage guarantee business. Upward of six thousand callers viewed the artistically furnished interiors between 2 and 9 p.m. The building is of reinforced concrete construction and is of a classic design. The first floor is given over to the order department, escrow department, cashier, vice-president and assistant secretaries. On the second floor are the president and secretary's offices, trust department and directors' rooms. The third floor is to be used for expansion purposes. On the fourth floor are the examining and legal departments. The fifth and sixth floors comprise the plant and searching departments. The woodwork throughout the building is of mahogany. All the furniture on the first two floors is entirely new, and specially designed. The building cost approximately \$200,000.00. The former offices at 325 South Hill street, erected

five years ago, have been entirely outgrown. From a force of one hundred three years ago, the employees have increased to 250.

Captured Convention For 1915

That Arthur Letts has done good work for Los Angeles in his absence is evidenced by the telegram received this week by Associate General Secretary C. F. Quillian of the Y. M. C. A., from Cincinnati, where President Letts has been in attendance on the international convention of the associations. He wired: "A most wonderful convention, stood firm on all principles, unanimously decided to come to Los Angeles in 1915. Luther big factor in convention; he is great." Luther, of course, refers to the alert general secretary of the local Y. M. C. A. This telegram means that the next international convention to be held here in the Exposition year should prove the banner year. A telegram to Mr. Quillian from Secretary Luther says Mr. Letts was elected coast member of committee of trustees of a million dollar retirement fund for secretaries. His election to this important post, together with the active part played by General Secretary Luther in the convention proceedings, is gratifying recognition of the work done by the officers of the Los Angeles association. Mr. Letts left Los Angeles six weeks ago for an extended trip through Canada and the East. His plans included his return from New York to Cincinnati in time for the convention which closed Sunday. He left Cincinnati Monday for Chicago, where he was met by his wife and daughter, thence the entire party traveled by the Santa Fe limited homeward.

Simplicity in Graduating Dresses

Los Angeles has led the fashion in the matter of graduation dresses which Superintendent of School J. H. Francis has decreed shall be notable for their simplicity. Pasadena has already taken this step and now El Paso's board of education has decided that the girls of the graduating class of El Paso high school shall wear inexpensive gowns of lawn at the commencement exercises, and that the floral offerings shall be limited to one bouquet of native flowers for each graduate. It is in excellent taste and should be indorsed by every city in the country since it saves much heartburn for many a poor maid.

Leaves Oil Company

With the resignation of Robert Watchorn as treasurer this week the Union Oil Company loses a capable official. He has been connected with the company for several years and has served the interests of the stockholders well. He leaves the post because of poor health and the increasing duties of his office as United States immigration commissioner for the Pacific Coast.

Result of Business Administration

Felicitations to Herman W. Frank for the excellent showing made by the Associated Charities under his management the year just passed, for, according to the report submitted this week, the organization has done most efficient work. By way of contrast, it is to be noted that while in the east nearly eighty per cent of the funds collected go to expenses and about 20 per cent to the poor, here only twenty-seven per cent was used for expenses and 73 per cent went to the needy.

Steele's Annexation Victims Rejoice

At last John P. Steele, professional petition circulator, seems to be in a fair way to land a political job. This week he received the indorsement of the executive committee of the Democratic county central committee for internal revenue collector of the district of Southern California. This has been his constant endeavor ever since the election last November, and while Steele is not receiving the unqualified support of the local organization he thinks he has enough to help him at Washington. Lloyd McAtee was his competitor. A deadlock seems to be ensuing over the office of United States district attorney. The vote seems split among Frank Morrison, Minor Moore, Emmett H. Wilson, former city attorney, and Robert Loucks, who has been prominently identified with the county Democratic organization.

Wears Her Honors Gracefully

Mary Foy, who is perhaps California's leading suffragist, is the recipient of much deserved attention which will reach its zenith at a public reception in her honor at the Alexandria Hotel.

Summer Once-a-Week Half Fares

Sixteen half fare days to the beaches have been announced for the summer by officials of the Pacific Electric. Four half fare days will be in June, four in July, four in August and four in September. It is a good move. The poor folk could stand as many again.

Music



By W. Francis Gates

Our symphony situation does not seem to be moving very rapidly. It is stated that at the annual meeting of the symphony society, held last week, there was nothing done save to receive the report of Business Manager Behymer and to hear various remarks. An adjournment was taken to May 26, when it is said the board of management will vote itself out of existence. There has been a good deal of agitation in favor of certain candidates for the position of director. Two, at least, have statements that certain sums will be forthcoming in case they are elected to the baton. But the board has refused to hear arguments as to the worth of the candidates until money is in sight which will guarantee the continued life of the orchestra. This is a wise decision.

Continuation of the Los Angeles symphony orchestra depends, not on the man who is put in the directorial position, but on the guarantee which is provided. There are plenty of directors to be had—good ones, too. Even men who have made their names known in similar positions in Europe would like to come to Los Angeles on a moderate salary. But the first thing is to assure the salary. Last season the symphony programs were provided at about forty cents less an attendant than the actual cost; this season the deficit was considerably more, perhaps fifty to sixty cents. Somebody has to provide that money or the end of the symphony series is in sight.

The question arises, what is the reason for this reduction of Symphony attendance? In spite of the friendliness of the present writer for both the Symphony and the People's orchestras, there are certain things which need summing. The Symphony board looked on the formation of the People's orchestra as a sort of impertinence, an invasion of the Symphony preserves, and it finally came to the point where friends of the Symphony charged the promoters of the popular orchestra with illy hidden enmity for the Symphony series. On the other hand, the promoters of the People's concerts did a bit of the "bull in the china shop" act. They hoped the good people, by thousands wanted good music, cheap. But the good people wanted it only by hundreds, and many of them were patrons of the Symphony who forsook it for the Sunday concerts.

In the face of a continually increasing deficit the People's concerts were continued. The people at large, by their lack of attendance, said they did not want music, classic or popular, at twenty-five cents a concert. But there was a sufficient shifting of patronage to reduce the Symphony attendance twenty-five or thirty per cent. The management of the People's orchestra persisted in the face of its own loss, careless of what damage it was doing to the sixteen-year-old Symphony orchestra. It was a dog-in-the-manger policy. The result is that both orchestras are teetering on the edge of a nice, deep grave. But in spite of this, there is a remedy. It is a remedy anyone may prescribe, but only a few can apply.

If the management of both orchestras will take only a short look into the Los Angeles graveyard of musical enterprises and will sacrifice personal interests and personal pride and at the same time show the moneyed public a spirit of work together—not apart—for

the musical good of the city—then sufficient of the controllers of the sources of supply may be persuaded to turn on the financial spigot. Suppose the joint managements were to say, "Let us have one orchestra; let it give a dozen symphony concerts and two dozen popular concerts. Let us secure a conductor who shall have the respect and co-operation of both the orchestra and the public; let us figure out just what we may expect in attendance and set about raising the deficit—which would be \$10,000 a year at least." Showing this spirit of "pull together" there would be hope that the money public and the business public would give its assistance to the extent of raising that guarantee.

Both orchestras, both leaders, have done good work. Mr. Hamilton has educated the public for many years to respect him in all sides of his character and ability. Mr. Lebegott, almost a stranger, has made wonderful strides along the same lines in a few months. But it is not a question of men, now, much as we admire them both. It is a question of the sacrifice of pet plans, of personal ambitions, the question of pulling together for the higher end, and by doing this, gaining the good will and support of that harmless necessary individual, the man with the fat pocket-book. The possibility of the loss of the Symphony orchestra is one too sad to contemplate. It has stood for the highest things that Los Angeles has reached in musical lines. It has brought the best music to the hearing of this city. There is more musical education in one Symphony concert than in half a dozen artists' recitals put together. Shall we lose the Symphony orchestra? Sad that day for Los Angeles.

Gaetano Donizetti, deceased, and Rudolph Kopp, living, saved the day, at the People's Orchestra, last Sunday—and Mr. Kopp says he doesn't think much of the overture of his that was played. So we will have to give the honors to the "Lucia" sextet. Mr. Lebegott's "Prelude" was lacking both in idea and in clarity of orchestration and Miss Dillon was ill-advised, to let her desert suite come before the public before she has mastered orchestration. As a whole, the program was the weakest the orchestra has offered. Tomorrow, the pendulum swings to the other extreme and a program exclusively of Wagner numbers is offered by orchestra and chorus. This Wagner program will be another test of whether the people want to hear the best music at the lowest price.

Josef Riccard's piano recital at the Gamut Club, last week, brought this young pianist into the rank of young professionals. He had been heard at times in private recitals, but not before in a complete recital. His program showed by its performance that Mr. Riccard has acquired a large technical equipment and that he has a distinct personality, not having had it ground down to the last grain in the pedagogical process. At present, in a musical way, he feels "the joy of living" and gives his exuberant temperament free play. Later, doubtless, it will be more subdued. Two of the larger number on his program were the MacDowell sonata and the Bach-Busoni "Chaconne," in both of which he gave a good account of himself. Several of his own compositions also were performed. With a continuation of

such rigorous study he has done under the careful instruction of Mr. Becker, Mr. Riccard will make an enviable place for himself.

Tonight, the following pupils of Mrs. Thilo Becker will present a program at Cummock Hall: Purcell Mayer, Grace Wessendorf, Florence Taylor, Caroline LeFevre, Dorothy Armstrong, Audrey Creighton, assisted by Stephanie Jambon, Elizabeth LeFevre and Will Garroway.

Next Wednesday evening, at the Ebell club, Marjorie Nichols, piano pupil of J. A. Anderson, gives a program, assisted by the St. Saens quintet. The program has much variety and is an inviting one.

This afternoon, at Blanchard hall, pupils of Adelaide Trowbridge and Charles E. Pemberton give a composite program of piano and violin numbers. Mr. Pemberton is best known by his successful compositions that have been played by the Symphony orchestra in the last twelve years.

Mary Olive Gray, a pianist new to Los Angeles, will introduce herself in a program Monday night, at Ebell Club building. She will be assisted by Mmes. Menasco, Johnson, Ringo, Hardison, Loud, James, and Mr. Kurtz. The program has unusual variety.

Next concert of the Ellis Club is dated for Tuesday evening, June 24, at the Auditorium. This is the last of the Ellis series for this season.

Million Dollar Syndicate Formed

May 31, the Los Angeles Investment Company will become a closed corporation, a syndicate made up of local bankers, capitalists, business and professional men having been formed to take over all the company's stock remaining unsold June 1. The syndicate has already signed one million dollars with which to purchase this stock, and the price paid will be \$4.35 a share. For many years the company has refused to sell more than 1000 shares to any person, in order that the control of the company should not pass into the hands of wealthy stockholders. But in the case of this syndicate a special agreement has been made that all stock purchased by it, no matter how many shares, are always to be voted at the annual meetings by the present board of directors of the Los Angeles Investment Company. Thus the small stockholders are assured that the management of the company will continue the same as in the past, and its policy remain unaltered. With the close of stock selling the Los Angeles Investment Company will have a paid-in capital stock of \$5,000,000.00, with a reserve of surplus and undivided profits totaling approximately \$12,000,000.00, and the whole amounting to more than \$17,000,000.00. The exact amount of unsold stock going to the syndicate May 31 will be made known at that time.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif. March 19, 1913

Not coal lands 016391
NOTICE is hereby given that John A. Fairchild, whose post-office address is 2361 Thompson St., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 21st day of September, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 016391, to purchase the NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 15, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provision of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$240.00 and the land \$160.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 27th day of May, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

CARRY your Vacation funds in the form of American Bankers' Association Travelers' Checks or Blair & Co.'s Letters of Credit—issued by this Institution.

BEFORE going on your Vacation place your valuables in our Safe Deposit Vaults—boxes rent at \$2.50 or more yearly.

OUR complete Trust Department will make your Will, administer your estate, act as guardian, trustee, executor, etc.

LOS ANGELES TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK
SIXTH AND SPRING STS.
Branch at Second and Spring
Branch at Pico St. and Grand Ave.

Sentiment

should play no part in the selection of an executor for your estate.

The hands into which you place the care of the fruits of a life's labor should be competent, capable and experienced.

The risk you run in individual administrators is eliminated by naming the SECURITY in your will as Executor or Trustee.

Its entire capital and reserve of \$3,400,000.00 serves to guarantee the faithful execution of trusts.

SECURITY TRUST & SAVINGS BANK

Security Building—5th & Spring
Equitable Branch—1st & Spring

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal. March 22, 1913.

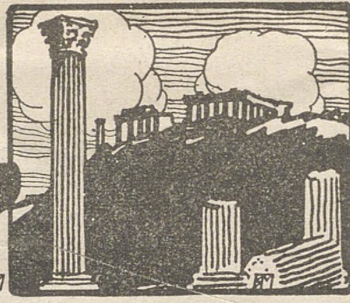
Not coal lands 015983
NOTICE is hereby given that Grace N. Fremlin, whose post-office address is Cornell, California, did, on the 13th day of July, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 015983, to purchase the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 9, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$60.00 and the land \$40.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 3rd day of June, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.



Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

Like a clap of thunder from a cloudless sky comes the startling announcement from the Los Angeles Ad Club that the unsuspecting public is to be the recipient of an Aqueduct Memorial Fountain which, if present plans do not miscarry, promises to be the crowning atrocity along the line of municipal adornment in this community. No doubt, the intentions of the promoters back of this colossal scheme are well meaning and their one endeavor is to give to Los Angeles an architectural showpiece that will supply a nucleus for future achievements along artistic lines. But on the face

depreciate in any way the ability of Mr. Howard as a designer, but it is our right and intention to point out the possible errors that may arise to mar the final success of such a monument.

* * *

If we may form an adequate opinion of the work as it appears in the colored drawing which was unveiled at the Ad Club luncheon last week, the keynote of the whole plan seems to be "bigness." The building at its base will be 300 feet square and the main column will tower 300 feet skyward. This column will support a statue of a draped figure representing Miss Los Angeles pouring water from an illum-

the column support will also be ornamented by allegorical groups.

Spectacular lighting plans have been suggested that will rival the "tower of light" at Coney Island. There will be no visible lights anywhere about the monument, inside or outside, except standard electrolights which are intended only to light the surrounding walks. On the top of the "hall of fame" at each corner a large terra cotta urn will contain a searchlight to play on the main column from top to bottom. In the same manner "Miss Los Angeles" is to be thrown into relief by searchlights in the corners at the top of the column. On the outside walls of the base, huge panorama pictures, representing the development of Southern California will be illuminated by a system of concealed lights.

* * *

These are only a few of the many weird and wonderful features that will characterize this huge building and I trust that my intelligent readers will check their desire to laugh and give the matter careful consideration. To begin with, the design is not a good one, and Los Angeles is already burdened with the worst examples of public art of which the world holds record. The Stephen White statue on the court house green is so bad that it is almost funny and the Soldiers' Monument and the fountain in Central Square are not even good enough to be called bad. They are unspeakably awful. We are in favor of a suitable aqueduct fountain—when the aqueduct has proved itself—but the one question should be not how big can we build it, but how good can it be built. Why should such a public work be left to a body of men who are not specialists in the fine arts? If such a fountain is to be placed in Los Angeles, the committee that decides upon the design should be chosen largely from the Art and Educational forces of the city.

The Municipal Art Commission should and must exert its authority at this time, and I understand that to date, this body has never been consulted upon the subject of erecting this fountain curiosity. Even if Mr. Howard's design be worthy it would cost several million dollars to execute it in a worthy manner. The plan calls for eight stairway groups for the base and in addition to this the single figures for the top of the column. These figures should be executed by a sculptor of proved ability and the casting should be in bronze. The column and the base should of course, be of marble and all accessories and finishings in harmony. Imagine what such a piece of work would cost, then try to conceive this design carried out in cheap materials by cheap workmen.

* * *

At the Royal Gallery this week and next, may be seen a general collection of the work of twelve of our well known Southern California painters. Fifty canvases are hung at this time, many of which are new to local art lovers. As is to be expected in a collection of this nature, selected and hung without jury consideration, many canvases are shown that do not add to the general excellence of the exhibition, although I found much to admire and little to criticize. At this time I will briefly note a few of the pictures that particularly interested me: Helen Balfour shows four watercolors that are especially beautiful. Each is a typical Southern California landscape study painted in a sympathetic mood. Full rich tints of afternoon sunset, the lengthening shadows of evening, and the luminous glow of sunset characterize these well rendered canvases. Mrs. Balfour is especially successful delineating distant hills and glowing skies. Frank Coburn carries off the honors of the exhibition by his new canvas called "Evening on the Marsh." It is easily the best canvas shown at this time and one of the most successful of Mr. Coburn's efforts. Painted in a broad, free manner, in low cool tones of gray and green, and



FROM AN OLD MASTER (UNKNOWN) IN THE BOLI COLLECTION

of things as they now stand, I venture to question the advisability of allowing the project to progress.

As near as I can ascertain, it is the purpose of the Ad Club to erect in Exposition Park an Aqueduct Memorial Fountain, costing upward of \$500,000. The design that has been accepted by the committee, of which Mr. Martin Neuner is chairman, was executed by Mr. George Howard, Jr., an architect of this city. It is not our purpose at this time to reflect upon the taste of the committee or to question the wonderful fitness of its members for such an important service, nor do I wish to

inated urn. The base of the building, which is approached from all sides by countless steps, labyrinths of balustrades, arches and half terraces, will contain a hall 110 feet square and 30 feet in height. The balcony around the inside will be fifteen feet wide and supported entirely on cantilevers, no posts or other supports being used. There will be four grand stairways and eight easy exits with four comfort stations. An aquarium and various other "midway" features are provided for in the plan. On the four corners of the terrace, elaborate groups of statuary will be placed and the main base of

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U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
March 25, 1913.

Not coal lands 016608
NOTICE is hereby given that Edward A. Campbell, whose post-office address is 520 S. Flower St., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 15th day of October, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 016608, to purchase the NW 1/4, NE 1/4, E 1/4 NW 1/4, NE 1/4 SW 1/4, Section 23, Township 1 South, Range 19 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$230.00 and the land \$170.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 6th day of June, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

with shadows almost black, it reminds one strongly of an Innes. It is fine in feeling, refined in character, and full of excellent passages of paint. "Evening on the River" by the same artist is alarming in color and possesses a remarkably fine distance.

* * *

Henry Lovins shows two San Pedro studies and J. Bond Francisco is represented by a luminous "Sunset" and an excellent rendering of a giant pine tree called "Old Veteran." Mario Zim sends a marine which is nice in color and two tonal landscape studies with figures which are of rather uncertain quality. "Evening" by Hanson Puttuff is one of the very good things of the collection and is painted in the artist's best manner. "The Picnic" and "Laguna Hills" by the same artist are of merit. Frank Cuprien is represented by four marine studies and Jas. E. McBurney sends a portrait subject called "Homeward Bound." "Foothill Landscape" by Norman St. Clair is of great interest as are also two small studies by Chas. A. Rogers painted on the Roman Campagna. Benj. C. Brown is well represented by three strong canvases, viz., "Poppy Fields," "Lake Tahoe," and "Pool Among Willows." The last named canvas is of great beauty and is painted in a subtle manner.

* * *

The Boli Collection of Antique Art will remain in Blanchard Gallery until June 1. Several new canvases have been added since the exhibition opened, among them a Franz Hals study called "Old Toper," a Claude Lorraine sketch and a Madonna by Paez. The canvas herewith reproduced, while by an unknown painter, is one of the gems of the collection, excellent both in drawing and coloring.

Social & Personal

Wednesday afternoon final organization of the Los Angeles Orphans' Home Auxiliary was made at the residence of the president, Miss Katherine Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Johnson, Jr., of West Twenty-eighth street. After a dainty luncheon the various executives of the auxiliary were named. The officers are Miss Johnson, Miss Daphne Drake, first vice president, Miss Aileen McCarthy, second vice president, Miss Ruth Powell, secretary and Miss Juliet Boileau, treasurer. Miss Marian Winston is chairman of the entertainment committee, Miss Evangeline Duque of the reading committee, Miss Helen Taggart, story telling, Miss Helen Jones, music, Miss Aileen McCarthy and Miss Jennie Bulkley, sewing and Miss Gertrude Hannah, gardening. Members of the auxiliary include Mrs. Harry Borden, Mrs. Vernon Smith, Mrs. C. A. Meyers, Mrs. J. M. Henck, Mrs. Leo Chandler, Mrs. T. S. Brown and the Misses Olive Erdt, Sarah Clark, Florence Brown, Helen Duque, Evangeline Duque, Emma Conroy, Lucy Clark, Katherine Chichester, Mary Burnham, Constance Byrne, Florence Bowden, Mildred Burnett, Edyth Bryant, Gwendolyn Davis, Lucille Pollard, Clara Watson, Louise Winston, Anita Thomas, Marjorie Thompson, Lois Salisbury, Glenn Edwards, Geraldine Grady, Norma Haupt, Marion Kerckhoff, Louise Hunt, Helen Hoover, Mary Higgs, Helen Higgins, Gertrude Kerckhoff, Marjorie Tufts, Albertine Pendleton, Virginia Walsh, Louise Johnson, Marguerite Maurice, Marguerite McMullen, Sallie McFarland and Emily Newlin.

Mrs. Ira S. Chapman of West Fifty-sixth street and Mrs. Gustavas William Saurret of 'La Salle' avenue gave a charmingly appointed luncheon Wednesday at the Jonathan Club, followed by bridge. Cecil Brunner roses and ferns with satin ribbons formed the motif of the decorations, and surrounded the miniature lake which decked the luncheon table. Place cards were paintings and favors were baskets of bon bons in pink.

This afternoon and evening the grounds of the W. H. Workman home on Boyle avenue will be bright with pretty girls in quaint booths, serving tea, dancing, and giving vaudeville turns—all for the sake of sweet charity, in the form of gathering funds for the Brownson House Settlement. Miss Gertrude Workman, who is the presiding genius of the affair, has planned a number of surprises for the occasion, and her many girl friends have risen nobly to her call for assistance, so that it is promised that the affair will be quite different from the usual charity "garden fete."

This evening the Amateur Players' Society will meet at Captain Banning's residence to elect their new officials.

Miss Lucy Clark entertained Monday with a luncheon at Hotel Beverly for Mrs. Paul Selby and Miss Margaret Moore, who have been in South Africa for several years. Red roses and foliage decorated the table, at which places were arranged for Mrs. Earle Anthony, Mrs. Robert P. McReynolds, Mrs. W. P. Jeffries, Miss Van Nuys and Miss Inez Clark. In the afternoon Mrs. Harry Robinson gave a tea for the same guests of honor, her assistants being Mrs. Leo Chandler, Mrs. Chester Montgomery, Mrs. Walter Leeds and Mrs. Robert P. McReynolds.

Wednesday afternoon an informal luncheon for close friends was given for Mrs. Selby and Miss Moore by Mrs. Earl Cowan of Wilshire boulevard,

covers were laid for eight, and Thursday afternoon Miss Annis Van Nuys entertained a coterie of friends in their honor at the Craggs Country Club.

Judge and Mrs. Paul J. McCormick and Miss Marsteller Steiglitz have returned from a pleasant trip to the Yosemite, where they met many Los Angelans, who are enjoying a stay in the famous valley.

Tuesday afternoon a bridge luncheon was given by Mrs. Walter J. Wren and Mrs. Ethel Graham at their home on West Seventh street.

Mrs. John Atkins and Mrs. Sidney Haskell were hostesses at a bridge luncheon Wednesday afternoon, the affair taking place at Beverly Hills.

Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Robert Kenney and Mrs. Wiley J. Rouse gave an informal bridge tea at the home of the former on West Washington street. About a hundred guests enjoyed the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lee Woolwine and little son are on their way to Tennessee for a stay in Mr. Woolwine's old home.

Wednesday afternoon a luncheon and musicale will be given by Mrs. Joseph Maier of South Figueroa street.

Several parties of Los Angeles travelers will be arriving home in a few weeks, among them being Dr. and Mrs. Herman Janss and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Jevne who expect to land in San Francisco the first week in June.

Mrs. Allan G. Balch of Hotel Alexandria is en route to New York, from which port she will sail for England. She will be joined by Mr. Balch and they will enjoy a motor trip through the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry I. Borden have returned from a week end at Arrowhead, as have also Mr. and Mrs. Morris Albee.

Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney I. Wailes entertained the younger married set Tuesday evening with a dancing party at the Captain Banning home at Thirty-first and Hoover.

Mr. William Stephen White, whose marriage to Miss Hazel Nolting of San Francisco will take place Tuesday of the coming week, was the honored guest at a stag dinner given Tuesday night at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. Covers were laid for Messrs. Stuart O'Melveny, Don O'Melveny, Maynard McFie, Sayre McNeil, Frank Young, Walter Kays, Earl Mueller, A. R. Parks, Bert Dingley, M. C. Marsh, C. A. Fitzhenry, C. R. Richards, L. R. Mellus, Walter Keating, Joseph Amestory, Harry Cline, George Cline, William Nevin, Leo Bergin, Richard Garvey, L. E. Feagans, Richard Carlson, Finehout, Marmont, C. B. Moore, Joseph Sharpe, T. A. DeBolt, Norwood Howard, T. G. Gordon, Glenn Martin and George Ennis.

Misses Katherine and Marjorie Ramsay, daughter of Mrs. William Ramsay of Western avenue, have returned after a visit in San Francisco and Honolulu.

Under the direction of D. F. Robertson, manager of the steamship department of the Citizens' Trust & Savings Bank, the following Los Angelans will sail from San Francisco July 4 for a tour of the world, returning via the Panama canal: Miss Elizabeth Murray Coffin, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. C. Wilbur Hawkins, Mr. R. C. Forsell, Miss Harriet Newell, Mrs.

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For June the Ebell Club has several annual events scheduled, including the business meeting of June 2 for members only, with a discussion of "Community Ideals," by Frank Peltret, and the luncheon Saturday, June 28. June 9 Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Lott will give a song recital; June 16 the Rev. W. H. Fishburn will lecture on "The Impelling Power of the Beautiful," and June 23 Mr. and Mrs. Thilo Becker will offer a piano and violin recital, and the new officers will be installed.

At Hotel Del Coronado

Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Monnette and Mr. M. J. Monnette have returned from a week-end motor trip to Coronado.

Wives of the bankers attending the convention in San Diego were entertained with a large luncheon at the hotel, one hundred and fifty guests being seated at round tables decked with spring blossoms. Each table was presided over by the wife of a local banker.

Recent arrivals at Hotel Coronado from Los Angeles include Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Brunswick and Miss Marguerite Brunswick, Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mrs. C. G. Day, Mr. and Mrs. Newman Esick, Miss Gladys McDonald, Mr. R. S.

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Around the World Tours

Mr. D. F. Robertson, manager Steamship Dept. Citizens Trust and Savings Bank, 308 to 310 South Broadway, has reduced the first class Around the World rates to \$480.50. This is cheaper than staying at home.—Adv.

MUSIC AND ART IN DRESDEN

Real summer has suddenly sprung on us here, the end of April, and the streets are crowded with summer suits of light color and material—ponge, khakie, linen and all the thin articles usually reserved for July and August predominate; but no doubt a cool spell will banish them in favor of heavier clothes and even rain garments. Hugo Wolf, who died recently, was one of the musical authorities who did not hesitate to speak his mind or express his views on music and musicians. W. B. Davison has recently given publicity to Wolf opinions. Next to Wagner, Wolf placed Beethoven and Schubert and among the lesser lights Marschner and Auber, especially the latter's "Black Domino." He did not care much for Schumann, especially his most popular songs. One, almost unknown song, "Mein wagon rollet langsam," he extolled for its wonderful tone-painting in the accompaniment. When an admirer praised Schumann's song, "Liebster deine worte stehlen aus den Busen mir das Herz," Wolf brought out from his pile of music a song of Marschner's composed for the same words that ranged from high "A" to low "C," which he considered finer. Wolf was a great hater of Brahms and his music, claiming that the latter was lacking in sensuousness and feeling. The day that Wagner died, Wolf insisted on Davison singing "Siegfried's Tot" and then played that wonderful funeral march, bringing forth from the piano almost the complete power of a full orchestra and then closed the instrument in silence. A fitting celebration in memory of the great "meister" whose centennial we celebrate this month.

* * *

Zurich comes first on the list with the performances of "Parsifal," which are repeated May 4, 12, 18, 22 and 29, and are being attended by hordes of music lovers. St. Petersburg has prohibited "Parsifal" on religious grounds! Weimar will give "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin" and "Fliegender Hollander at reduced prices. Hannover gives "Parsifal" in concert form. Regensburg will follow the unveiling of Wagner's bust in the Walhalla with a performance of "Die Weistersingers," the Munich Opera company under Hugo Rohr's leadership, supplying the singers. This is the performance Siegfried Wagner (and Richter, on account of age) refused to conduct because the attempt to restrict the performances of Parsifal to Bayreuth beyond the legal copyright period was not supported more enthusiastically by the German public. London has just closed the Covent Garden season with a successful performance of "The Ring," and there will no doubt be a special memorial concert later. Munich will present "Rienzi," "Lohengrin" and "Die Meistersingers." Magdeburg unveils a bust of the master in the theater lobby. Dresden, besides the big Parsifal concert and the "Ring" (of which only "Gotterdammerung" is still to be produced) will put a memorial tablet on Gewerbehans, May 29, where Wagner was orchestra leader from 1843 to 1847. The memorial concert has been postponed (on account of Schuch's acting as one of the judges at the Frankfort Kaiserprize—the one Los Angeles won once—contest from May 4 to 7). The concert will be given at the church of Our Lady, May 21, instead of May 6.

* * *

Felix Weingartner, who was recently in trouble over his leaving Berlin, has been engaged for the Hamburg city theater in place of Gustav Brecher (who has gone to Cologne), has been stirring up the musical public with his criticisms on Brecher's addition to the opera scores, especially those of Mozart. Weingartner struck out Brecher's changes in the score of "Don Juan" with the remark that it was "a bungling attempt to ruin Mozart's masterpiece and should be branded as such and meet only with open derision."

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Weingartner is not one who minces his words and generally strikes from the shoulder.

* * *

From a recent article on what Wagner earned—even during his banishment from Germany—he seems to have been one of the best paid musicians of the world and received large sums from his friends as well. His idea was that he ought to have a large income assured him and what his operas brought him was to be "pin money." He said the American Centennial March (now lost in oblivion) ought to be his best work, as it brought him the highest price of any of his works, viz., \$5000 in gold! Bologna is to hold a Wagner and Verdi centennial, giving operas by both composers for several nights.

C. M. M.

Dresden, May 5, 1913.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
March 22, 1913.

Not coal lands 015809
NOTICE is hereby given that John W. A. Off., whose post-office address is 228 Grosse Bldg., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 19th day of June, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 015809, to purchase the SE¼SE¼, Section 3, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00 and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 3rd day of June, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

Oliver Morosco will make a great mistake if he gives "The Path of Glory" a New York production. This new play by Emile Nyitray and Byron Ongley would have made a readable novelette, but its theme has become trite, and there is lacking that divine fire that we call "soul" in the drama. There is not enough of struggle, of contest, really to hold and thrill. The possibilities are there, but they are confused and inadequately handled, with little skill either of dramaturgy or word juggling. The play is meant as a psychological study of a woman—a woman whose soul is torn between the desire for a career and the desire for love and maternity. She is unwilling to love, but when the right man comes, brutal, yet gentle, compelling, yet weak in his ardor, the final result is inevitable. After all her flouting of him, she finally yields to his love—after he has tried to kill himself. Yet even his love cannot satisfy her; always there is the thought of her comrades who are about to set forth on a scientific expedition to discover new wonders. She yearns to go with them, and then there comes the crowning glory of a woman's life—the knowledge that beneath her heart a new heart is beating, the fruition of her love and her husband's. That way lies her path of glory, as does every woman's. Undeniably, there are possibilities in this, but the authors have barely sketched them. The struggle between the personalities of George Balzai and Margaret Derri is not made tense enough. In the scene where George threatens to kill her, it would be a far more thrilling situation were he to carry out his threat; angered by her mockery and the wine-hot confusion in his veins. There is a scene that borders strongly on the absurd and ridiculous when the spirit of Andrew appears to Margaret to urge her back to her research. It is melodramatic and theatric, and far more conducive to giggles than to thrills, and entirely unnecessary to the action. The final curtain is clever, and the first curtain is made most appealing by the restrained emotionalism of Florence Reed, but as a whole the play is entirely lacking in subtlety, charm or power. Nor is the Morosco company too happily placed. Florence Reed plays Margaret with excellent effect in the first act, especially, although her vocal tricks are at times grating, and certainly are unnatural. They belong more to an impulsive, warm-blooded creature of love than to the character of Margaret Derri. Malcolm Williams portrays George without a trace of shading, either in voice or action. The Kurt von Brunner of Thomas MacLarnie is a picture both as to make-up and delineation, but William Desmond's idea of a student and scientist seems to be a portentous frown and a "dearly beloved we gather here today" sort of voice. Charles Ruggles is pathetically effective as Alaric, the blind violinist, and Grace Valentine is well placed as the little woman who finds herself through love. The smaller parts are far from convincing in their filling, and Harrison Hunter, one of the best actors of the company, is almost lost in an overdrawn role as an elderly doctor. All in all, it is not a creditable production for the Morosco, either in acting or in the drama, and this is unusual, for as a rule the organization, at least, is satisfying, even though the play may not be overwhelmingly meritorious.

"The Woman" at the Burbank
When William C. DeMille evolved

"The Woman" he had his finger on the public pulse and wrote the play from the box-office standpoint. It has every quality to insure success, especially as a stock company "repeater." for it has love interest, politics, strife, comedy, the big moment and a happy ending, and this recipe is sure to turn out a popular drama, nicely browned, palatable to the general taste, even though the more discriminating find the flavor a bit cloying.

In the first place the foundation of "The Woman" is not a strong one. It rests on the indiscretion of Grace Blake and Matthew Standish, who are engaged, and for unknown reasons, instead of getting married, steal off to the country for a pre-honeymoon—as it is cleverly expressed by one of the



Frances Starr, at the Mason

characters, "the sort of honeymoon that never came through the custom-house." Why any woman of moral character and the ideals with which the author endowed Grace should have succumbed to such a situation is difficult to conceive. In a moment of overwhelming love any woman might yield, but deliberately to plan such a trip with a man who has no legal ties to bar him from marriage seems to make Grace unworthy all the struggle of the play. Afterward, she finds she really does not care for Standish, and the engagement is broken. She keeps her secret, so that her father, the "boss" politician, does not even know she knew Standish, and finally marries Representative Mark Robertson. But Standish becomes an insurgent and reaches the point where he is dangerous to the affairs of Grace's father and

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After the matinee the ladies will take delight in the dainty Afternoon Tea served in the Main Dining Salon

husband. The one thing necessary to prick Standish's bubble of reform is a scandal. The little episode of his past is stumbled upon in all the details save one, the name of the woman. Standish is made cognizant of the situation, because Blake believes he will attempt to warn the woman, and by getting her telephone number they can disclose her identity. And so it happens. Standish calls Plaza 1001, New York, without result; five minutes later Mark Robertson calls Plaza 1001 to find if his wife is coming on from Washington. The little telephone girl, who is in love with Blake's son, refuses to give up the number, even though she is grilled in cross examination.

Of course, the truth is finally revealed and Mark and Blake find it is altogether different to ruin one's loved from spoiling the life of an unknown. It ends happily for the little telephone girl and her lover, and there is the suggestion of reconciliation for Mark and Grace. There are many good moments in the play, and it is undoubtedly interesting, so that it should go several weeks at the Burbank, particularly since the production greatly excels that given by the traveling company. Wanda Kelly, the telephone girl, is played with sweetness and discretion by Frances Ring, and Grace Travers, although a trifle inclined to noisiness in her emotion, is excellent as Grace. The big parts all belong to the men, however. David Hartford has a role peculiarly suited to his abilities as Jim Blake and makes the most of it, while James Corrigan is the beetle-browed politician to the life. Forrest Stanley is a dignified and virile Mark Robertson, with Walter Edwards, Herschell Mayall and Donald Bowles doing good work in lesser roles, as does Morgan Wallace as Standish. The mounting is of the highest class.

Novelties at the Orpheum

Belle Baker and her ragtime songs are an oasis in the desert of vaudeville at the Orpheum this week. Miss Baker is peculiarly fitted to ragtime—one suspects that she was once a "coon-shouter,"—in voice, personality and presence. And as Orpheum audiences are rabid raggers and a syncopated ditty raises them to the 'nth degree of delight, they have hysterics of approbation for her efforts. Another favorite is Percy Warman and his company, for even though he is a holdover he remains a headliner. Fraker Wood and Bune Wyde start out well in their sketch, "Good Night," but they finish dully. Fraker is fairly good, but Bune isn't, and her lack of petticoats is unnecessary and immodest. The most remarkable thing about "The Cigar Girl," given by Howard and Effie Lawrence, is its mediocrity. Occasionally Effie waxes effective, but Bert isn't in the running. "The Window of Apparitions" is mysterious enough, but it hasn't enough feature work to make it impressive or successful. Someone misnamed Harry B. Lester, the Jovial Jester. Harry's consciousness of his pulchritude and merits is the most striking part of his act. The Ishikawa Brothers, Japanese hand balancers, perform their difficult feats with that deft skill expected of their race. The Talking Pictures, like the famous brook, seem to go on forever.

Offerings for Next Week

While David Belasco has, upon sev-

PURITAS

DISTILLED

WATER

JUST pure water—soft, sparkling, refreshing, scientifically distilled, thoroughly aerated, carefully bottled. 5 gallons 40c, within the old city boundary lines—a trifle more delivered farther out.

Los Angeles Ice and

Cold Storage Co.

Phones Home 10053
—Main 8191

A conversation over the Homephone is more private than a conversation in your own boudoir.

THE HOMEPHONE

is a mechanical thing
—no listening ears.
Contract Dept. F-98

ACCIDENTS UNNECESSARY

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle — better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO.

eral occasions, presented Frances Starr in well executed plays, it appears that her latest creation, "The Case of Becky," affords her greater opportunities to disclose her versatile histrionism than anything she has heretofore played. "The Case of Becky" is a unique drama founded upon a celebrated case of dual personality that came under the observation of Dr. Morton Prince, of Boston, in 1898, and is recorded as one of the most wonderful expositions of abnormal mental phenomena in medical annals. From this case Edward Locke, aided by that genius of dramaturgy, David Belasco, constructed "The Case of Becky." Frances Starr has made the pronounced success of her career in the dual role of "Dorothy" and "Becky." The theme of this play revolves about Dorothy Stone, a patient at the "home" of a famous nerve specialist. It is a famous case and his reports are read by the medical world. The key to the situation is found when Professor Balzamo, a professional hypnotist, who gives stage exhibitions, arrives and claims Dorothy as his daughter. The girl has developed two distinct personalities, that of Dorothy, sweet, intellectual, refined, that of Becky rough, mischievous, vicious. She changes from one to the other without apparent cause, and Dr. Emerson's task is to drive out the "Becky" element. He waits until the case is at its worst, then through the power of hypnotism he cures Dorothy and discovers the secret of her birth. In Miss Starr's support are Charles Dalton, Albert Bruning, Harry C. Browne, Eugene O'Brien, Mabel Norton, John P. Brawn and others. The production is to be given Monday evening, May 26, at the Mason Opera House.

There was little doubt at the opening performance of "The Woman" at the Burbank that the play would go for a second week. It is one of the most popular plays that have been given at this theater, and its production is an exceedingly well balanced one. It is particularly suited to the talents of the organization, especially so far as the male portion is concerned, David Hartford's return in a big role is warmly welcomed, while Forrest Stanley, Donald Bowles, Walter Edwards and other popular members of the company are finding good opportunity. Frances Ring has found an excellent part as the telephone girl and Grace Travers is adding laurels to her wreath as "The Woman." The first week of the play has been greeted with capacity audiences, and the demand is already large for seats for the second week which opens Sunday afternoon. After "The Woman," the Burbank will offer Charles Chapin's recent New York farcical success, "C. O. D." which is said to be one of the funniest things New York has seen in many years.

Revivals of good plays are always interesting, and Sunday afternoon the Morosco company will give up "The Path of Glory" for a production of that favorite play, "Diplomacy," in which every member of the Morosco company will be shown to excellent advantage. It will also mark the first appearance with this company of Miss Lillian Tucker. "Diplomacy" is now being given an all-star revival in New York city and it is perhaps the great interest that has been awakened by this famous play in the east that has led Mr. Morosco to make an elaborate production of the piece at his theater. The favorite actors of the Morosco organization will have big parts.

For the first time in several years, Mr. Julius Steger will headline the new bill opening at the Orpheum Monday matinee, May 26. Mr. Steger's latest vehicle is "Justice," founded on real life, with a series of sensational situations. It has to do with the unjust imprisonment of a man for a crime he did not commit, his life in prison, and his final relief after years of incarceration, with the "Restitution" which society has to offer for its crime against

his individuality for its "mistake." In the course of the play, Mr. Steger is heard to advantage in a new song. He has a supporting company of merit. Other new acts include Bobker's whirlwind Arabs in a series of acrobatics, dances and tumbling feats. Bell & West have a song and talk act, wherein as old soldiers they tell of "The Days of '61." Mme. Teschow supplies the animal act with her marvelous trained cats, and Arnaud brothers, the French musical clowns, will tumble and make music. The holdovers include the Old Soldier Fiddlers, Harry B. Kester and "The Widow of Apparitions," the mystery act.

Kolb and Dill will offer for the last week of their engagement at the Lyceum a revival of their greatest success, "Lonesome Town." Both comedians have big opportunity to prove their funmaking qualities in this piece. There are many song hits of merit, and there are many changes in the piece to bring it down to date. The big beauty chorus will have several costume changes, and in the song numbers will appear to especial advantage.

There will be no production at the Majestic the coming week, but Monday evening, June 2, Henry W. Savage's offering of the dramatic spectacle, "Everywoman" will be given. This is the first visit to the Pacific Coast of this famous morality play, and should be an interesting event.

John Steven McGroarty's Mission Play will close its season in its own theater, the Mission Playhouse in San Gabriel, June 1. Not quite two weeks remain for the people of Southern California to see this wonderful "Passion Play of California." There is no assurance that the play will reopen in 1914, as it is thought that it will be better to wait until 1915. The play has received the approval of the best critics and many have journeyed to this section of the country especially to see it.

Cosmo Hamilton's interesting play, "The Blindness of Virtue," a treatise on the moral responsibilities of parents, will have an amateur presentation in Los Angeles, when the Playgoers' Society, a group of talented young amateurs will produce the work at Cumstock Hall, Wednesday evening, June 4. Hamilton's play, which recently ran with great success in London, New York and Chicago, is a protest against the method of rearing children in absolute ignorance of the elemental instincts. Hamilton has handled his subject in skillful fashion, frankly but delicately. In the cast for the production are several well known amateurs who are of professional powers. Miss Gertrude Workman will play the central figure, the innocent daughter of the clergyman, Cecil Irish has the leading male role and Roy Lingo will be cast as the father of the girl whose ignorance so nearly precipitates catastrophe. Other parts will be played by Miss Dora Holmes, Miss Arri Rottman, Miss Georgia Morton, Miss Nina Moise and J. B. Beman.

NOTICE OF SELECTION

07704 Not coal lands
Under Sections 2275 and 2276, U. S. Revised Statutes, as Amended By Congress, February 23, 1891.
United States Land Office at Los Angeles, State of California.

To whom it may concern:
Notice is hereby given that the State of California has filed in this office its School Indemnity Land Selection, No. 8040, Serial No. 07704, applying to select as indemnity the following described tracts of land, to wit: Lot 3, Sec. 19, Tp. 1 S., R. 17 W., S. B. Meridian.

A copy of said list by descriptive subdivisions has been conspicuously posted in this office for the inspection of persons interested and the public generally.

During the five weeks' period of publication of this notice, or any time thereafter, and before final approval and certification, this office will receive protests or contests as to any of the tracts applied for, and transmit the same to the General Land Office.

Dated, Los Angeles, California, April 28, 1913.

FRANK BUREN, Register.
O. R. W. ROBINSON, Receiver.

MOROSCO THEATER Broadway bet. Seventh and Eighth

MATINEES THURSDAYS, SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS.

Beginning Sunday Matinee, May 25

Big Revival of the Favorite Play

"DIPLOMACY"

Every Morosco Player in the Cast.

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER Main Street. Near Sixth.

Beginning Sunday Matinee, May 25

Second Big Week of the American Play,

"THE WOMAN"

Broadway, bet. 6th & 7th.
Home 10477. Main 977

ORPHEUM THEATER

THE STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE

AMERICA'S FINEST THEATER—ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF.

WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY MATINEE, MAY 26

JULIUS STEGER & CO.

"Justice"

BOBKER'S WHIRLWIND ARABS

Desert Diversions

Thomas A. Edison's Latest and Greatest

BALL & WEST

"Since the Days of '61"

TESCHOW'S CATS

Feline Entertainers

OLD SOLDIER FIDDLERS

Col. J. A. Pattee's Co.

"WINDOW OF APPARITIONS"

Maskelyne-Devant Mystery

HARRY B. LESTER

Jovial Jester

ARNAUT BROTHERS

Tumbling Clowns

Symphony Orchestra Concerts 2 and 8 p. m.

Every Night at 8, 10-25-50c; Boxes \$1. Matinee at 2 Daily, 10-25-50c; Boxes 75c.

MASON OPERA HOUSE

Broadway bet. First and Second streets.

Charles Frohman—
Klaw & Erlanger, Lessees.
W. T. WYATT, Manager.

BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, MAY 26

David Belasco Presents Here (the Only City in Southern California)

FRANCES STARR

In Her Greatest Triumph

"The Case of Becky"

Original New York Production and Company from the Belasco Theater.
Prices 50c to \$2.00. Wednesday Matinee, 50c to \$1.50.

LYCEUM THEATER—Spring St. bet. 2nd and 3rd Sts.

The Home of Musical Comedy

KOLB & DILL

and their merry company in a big revival of their great success

"Lonesome Town"

Prices, Nights and Matinees, 25c to \$1.00.

Last week of the engagement.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.
March 19, 1913

Not coal lands 016251
NOTICE is hereby given that John G. Mott, whose post-office address is 426 Douglas Building, Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 29th day of August, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 016251, to purchase the W $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 12, SE $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 11, NW $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 13, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$240.00 and the land \$160.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 27th day of May, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.

March 22, 1913.

Not coal lands 016252
NOTICE is hereby given that Frederick W. Flint, Jr., whose post-office address is 205 O. T. Johnson Bldg., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 29th day of August, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 016252, to purchase the S $\frac{1}{2}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, E $\frac{1}{2}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 14, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might

be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$240.00 and the land \$160.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 5th day of June, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.

March 22, 1913.

Not coal lands 016348
NOTICE is hereby given that George S. Welch, whose post-office address is 212 International Bank Bldg., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 9th day of November, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 016348, to purchase the E $\frac{1}{2}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 22, W $\frac{1}{2}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 23, Township 1 South, Range 19 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$240.00 and the land \$160.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 4th day of June, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

Pioneering in Arizona

BY THOS. L. SHULTZ

VII.

Returning to the little band of pioneers on Granite Creek, who in the winter of 1863, though few of them had been in the wilderness a full year, had already established a county government and had, at least, the name of Prescott as a nucleus around which orally while building up a new civilization. Fortunately, the Indians did not begin to be really troublesome until the fall of 1864. At first, they did not mind the few straggling whites who were apparently only passing through the country, but when party after party arrived and took up their permanent abode, the Apaches became alarmed, and their instinct told them that this steady invasion of the whites meant permanency and that if they were to enjoy their unbounded freedom, immigration of the palefaces into their country had to be stopped. Unwisely they chose to adopt the annihilation method and though only armed in the beginning with bows and arrows and a few antiquated muskets, before the practically ten years of war was over more than a thousand white lives were Apacheized. In writing of this period, Hon. Patrick Hamilton in his "Resources of Arizona" says:

"From 1863 to 1874 the history of Arizona is written in blood. Population increased slowly, and the rich mineral discoveries in the northern part of the territory attracted the larger part of the immigration. But the Apache stubbornly disputed the advance of the white man, and many an adventurous pioneer fell a victim to savage treachery and left his bones to bleach on the desert plain or bleak mountain side. But steadily the red man yielded to his destiny. Towns and villages sprang up all over the territory. Rich mines were discovered in every direction; fertile bottom lands were brought under cultivation; herds of sleek cattle covered mountain and plain, and foot by foot the dauntless pioneer won this rich domain from the dusky fiends who so long cursed it by their presence."

In 1874 the Apache devils were at last rounded up and placed on the reservation by General George Crook. This removed from northern Arizona, ever after, the troublesome Tonto and White Mountain Apaches, but the Chiricahua Apaches under Geronimo, who marauded southeastern Arizona, were not totally subdued until late in the 80's. Geronimo was a wily old rascal and it was a hard matter for the military to keep him on the reservation. He would make all kind of promises of being good and would finally prevail upon the post commandant to allow small bands of his braves at different times to be provided with guns and ammunition and given opportunity to hunt game. In course of time the military authorities became lax and the Indians were given pretty near everything but the horses of the cavalry. Thus it was one morning that San Carlos awoke to find that in the night Geronimo with his braves, squaws and papooses had decamped bag and baggage, murdering and stealing as he headed for his retreat in the Sierra Madre mountains.

With Geronimo in his several raids was Natchez, son of old Cochise. Cochise was claimed by many to have been the greatest chief of all the tribes in Arizona and his eldest son Natchez was a fine specimen of manhood and inherited many of his father's characteristics, notable among which was that of cruelty. A story has been told of one of these chiefs, probably Geronimo, who was prevailed upon to visit the great white father at Washington. In the course of conversation the President asked him if there was anything he could do for him. The chief made ready

reply that he would like to have permits for his braves to kill game and to be supplied with guns and ammunition for that purpose. Thereupon the President referred him to the secretary of war. Before he concluded his pow-wow with that official, he again renewed his request. "What," exclaimed the secretary, "give you guns and cartridges to shoot my soldiers?" This was a poser for the Indian and for the nonce he forgot the role he was playing, for with the utmost disgust showing on every feature of his face he replied: "Huh, killum soldier with a club; wantum gun to shootum cowboy."

It was in the last outbreak of Geronimo, in quest of whom the brave Captain Crawford lost his life. Crawford's command was composed of about one hundred Chiricahua and White Mountain Indians, his staff and a number of white scouts. After trailing the marauders for several weeks through the fastnesses of the roughest of mountains he came upon the outlaws, but captured only their camp, a few squaws, an old buck or two and a few ponies—all the fighting force escaping. That there was not more execution was no doubt due to the relationship existing between the outlaws and the volunteers under Crawford, for from their hidden points of vantage it would have been easy for Geronimo and his band to have finished the intrepid cavalry captain. Here Crawford gave up the chase and started on his return. While camped one afternoon and all were lying around getting a much needed rest, they were surprised and fired upon by several companies of Mexican troops. Captain Crawford at once discovered the mistake and grabbing a stand of colors mounted a large boulder and called on the Mexicans to cease firing. This they presently did but not before a ball struck the captain over the left eye and he fell mortally wounded. The Mexican officers expressed great sorrow and with much palaver declared they thought they had struck the camp of the Apaches.

Naturally, the matter was dropped with the Mexicans and on a litter the dead captain was conveyed as fast as possible northward, toward the American line, with the hope of reaching a place in time where the necessary chemicals could be secured with which to embalm the body. But after two days' marching it was found futile and near a little Mexican pueblo the gallant captain was temporarily laid to rest by his sorrowing comrades. Later his remains were exhumed and taken east. Captain Crawford was an Indian fighter, or exterminator, rather, of the Crook stripe. No maudlin sentiment of the "Indians' rights" which all those years had strong advocates in the Indian bureaucracy at Washington and which controlled many an officer in those days, affected Captain Crawford. If Arizona's history is ever truthfully written a long chapter of substantial charges will be established that the members of the department of Indian affairs were, morally, accomplices in every murder committed by their cutthroat pets (the Apaches) dating from 1864 to 1886.

General Crook, who was killing off the Sioux up in the northwest, was again sent to Arizona to bring Natchez, Geronimo and their bands back to the reservation. A strong government string must have been attached to Gen. Crook in this campaign for he marched his forces right into the lair of the refugees in the Sierra Madre mountains and in due course of time, marched back to San Carlos without having fired a shot or having in custody a single Apache. It was reported that the general had conferred with the outlaw chiefs and that the Indians had promised faithfully to follow Crook

back to the reservation but that they would not accompany him or surrender their arms. Old timers, knowing General Crook, laughed among themselves and declared that would be the last of Geronimo, believing that with his customary dash the general had wiped out the whole gang, and that his report was just made in that manner so that it would soak softly into the sympathetic intellect of the Indian bureaucracy at Washington. But horrors upon horrors, a cog slipped! Dan O'Leary with his seventy-five Wallapai scouts, who were with Crook, arrived home in Yavapai to relate another story.

It is a known fact that a Wallapai is a mortal enemy of the Tonto and White Mountain Apache. The white man has used the Wallapais to fight them ever since his advent into their country. So when O'Leary and his scouts (many of whom could speak English well) got home this story gained circulation: That General Crook started after Geronimo in earnest, but when he arrived near the rendezvous of that wily old cutthroat he found himself in the roughest country that he had ever seen. He continued on till at last he found his command so handicapped by almost insurmountable barriers that it was impossible to maneuver, and a man on the defensive with a blow gun with a pea for a bullet was equal with the offensive individual with the latest high-power rifle. But Geronimo's band were armed with good, government rifles and had sufficient ammunition. He hadn't been wheedling the eastern sympathizer for nothing. It was just in such a place that General Crook found himself. He could hear Indians; he could smell them, but not one was to be seen.

Consequently, a truce was decided upon and General Crook and Geronimo met in conference. The result was that the Apache leader pointed out to the general that if he gave the word not one soul could possibly escape, but that he was tired and desired to return to the reservation. Knowing that he himself was the chief of liars as well as chief of a band of cutthroats deterred Geronimo from accepting the general's proposal of unconditional surrender and he escorted back to the reservation as prisoners. Geronimo knew that he had the Gray Fox (the name applied to Gen. Crook by the Indians) in his toils, so he refused the proposition and submitted a counter one which was that Gen. Crook would turn over to a number of Indians whom he would appoint for the purpose all the cartridges in his command with the exception of one cartridge for each rifle and one round for each revolver. If General Crook would do this he could return in peace and he (Geronimo) and his band would promise to follow and be at San Carlos on a certain date.

When General Crook returned to his command and informed his staff of Geronimo's proposal the same was given serious deliberation. What was to be done? The foe was ensconced all around in the declivities above them and they reasoned that their arms were of no practical use and that they were at the mercy of the red devils, and capitulation was accepted with one exception. When Dan O'Leary informed his Wallapais of the order, there was mutiny to a man. They thought they saw into the ruse of Geronimo which was practically to disarm them, thereby being able to take many prisoners for the pleasure of torture. None of this for the Wallapai. They might shoot him if they would, but he refused to be burned alive. Dan O'Leary reported to the general the refusal of his seventy-five scouts to comply with the order and that it meant death to every man of them if it was attempted by force. Thereupon, General Crook in giving reply of acceptance to Geronimo, made exception in relation to the Wallapais, stating that they would at once start on their retreat. To this Geronimo agreed and Dan O'Leary and his Wallapais were not long in getting

out of rifle range. General Crook and his command returned and in time Natchez and Geronimo followed.

Probably this is the first time this version of how Crook brought in Geronimo has ever been printed and the writer does not vouch for its authenticity in the slightest. Nevertheless, right on the finish of this campaign General Crook who had done more for the protection of citizens than all the preceding department commanders combined, was superseded by Gen. Miles. Gen. Miles did no fighting, for Crook had cleaned that off the boards and as a consequence he fell into a soft berth—no doubt, the work of the beloved Indian bureaucracy at Washington.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
016708. Not coal lands.
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
(April 23, 1913)

NOTICE is hereby given that Guy Cochran, whose post-office address is 515 Pacific Electric Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 24th day of October, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 016708, to purchase the W $\frac{1}{2}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, N $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 14, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$240.00 and the land \$160.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 18th day of July, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California. Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
March 22, 1913.

Not coal lands 015077
NOTICE is hereby given that Thomas O'Leary, whose post-office address is 336 W. 21st street, Los Angeles, California, did, on the 19th day of March, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 015077, to purchase the N $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 28, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$200.00, the stone estimated at \$100.00 and the land \$100.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 3rd day of June, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California. Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
March 22, 1913.

Not coal lands 016441
NOTICE is hereby given that Maurice M. Armstrong, whose post-office address is 1708 Fletcher ave., South Pasadena, Cal., did, on the 24th day of September, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 016441, to purchase the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, W $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 14, Township 1 South, Range 19 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$300.00, the stone estimated at \$150.00 and the land \$150.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 4th day of June, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California. Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Books

Mr. Phillpotts announces that with "Widecombe Fair" he has completed his modest comedy of Dartmoor. For twenty years he has written of the countrymen and women of the wide stretches of vale and highland of Southern England. And what of these people? One feels that the choice of them as subjects for history is a wise one. It was Wordsworth who first formulated those counts which make for the deepest dramatic truth: a life close enough to the soil to retain the greatness of simplicity that is nature's own; where the language is best adapted to the expression of emotion in being simple, unadorned and unvitiated by educational refinements. And it is true that in an age that is burdened with culture and complex civilization the clearest pictures of the underlying realities of life are to be found in such novels as those of Hardy, Bennett, and Eden Phillpotts.

In a foreword to "Widecombe Fair" the author has written an apology or explanation of his great plan. "I have tried to say 'yea' to life even in its most difficult problems, and to display a will to life rejoicing at its own vitality in the sacrifice of its highest types." He admits the difficulty in carrying out this aim because of the vast energy of imagination that must be expended on such a task: an energy unappreciated by a public that does not care for truth when it reads; but prefers to be excited by extravagances of situation or emotion. In the Dartmoor comedy we see many lives lived as they are in the valleys and hills of the southern highlands; lives calm with the quiet of faith or fatalism, turbulent with the deep-seated passions of man.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of all Phillpotts' work is the Wordsworthian feeling that nature moulds in her likeness those who dwell close to her. The bleakness and inhospitality of these moors are summed up in the fierce despair of Will Blanchard in the "Children of the Mist." "Here on this black, damned airth, your pick strikes fire out of stone twenty times a day. The moor's the moor. Everybody knows the way of it. Scratch its face an' it picks your pocket an' breaks your heart." The long icy winters, the cold mists that cover the land with gloom, the granite hills, the deadly poverty of the people, the brief lightness of youth succumbing to the apathy of broken hearts—all is intricately one. Death and Fate darken the whole. Fate plays a large part in the lives of these men and women. We see the plotting of this grim power, and the desperate helplessness of those under its shadow. Black tragedy is the keynote to most of Phillpotts' writing. The terrifying complexity of crime in the "Secret Woman," working out to its inevitable conclusion of wrecked lives, destruction of innocent and guilty together, is one of the clearest of these histories of Fate.

Though not everything is black, yet we find as we might expect that the humor of these people is rather grim. Even in "Widecombe Fair" and the "Children of the Mist" where there is deep humor there is no hilarity. The granite ribs of earth are too near the surface for thoughtless gaiety. Character is made of blood and tears, but is made strong. There is a reality here that is much more true than the superficialities of bourgeois city life will tolerate.

Life is life wherever lived. A man can learn all the essentials of success

as well in Widecombe or Chagford as in London or New York. Indomitable energy, hardness of heart, win out over candor and kindness as well in Dartmoor as in America. Marital problems and the relations between father and son are the same the world over. We may learn as much about life from Eden Phillpotts as we can do from Henry James. Especially, must we note that these novels are truly tragic, not a mere photography of sordid lives. The characters have meaning; they strive often in darkness, but are led on in the struggle by the vitality of their souls' light. Their world is that of humanism and tragedy, not of useless or poisonous pessimism. "It is better that one son of the morning shall see your footprints in the dew, before the sun has scorched them away, and note that in measure of your feeble strength you also climbed, than that you shall be numbered forever with those content to herd the valley sheep." (Widecombe Fair.) By Eden Phillpotts; Little, Brown & Co.; "Children of the Mist." By Eden Phillpotts; G. P. Putnam's Sons.) C. K. J.

Handbook for College Debates

"Both Sides of One Hundred Public Questions" is the title of a new publication by Edwin DuBois Shurter, professor of Public Speaking in the University of Texas, and Carl Cleveland Taylor, instructor in Public Speaking at the University of Texas. This volume is intended as a handbook for school and college debates and for all of those interested in literary or debating societies. The one hundred questions for debate are all on present day subjects and for the most part have been tried out by the authors in class work. Under each question are given the main lines or argument, affirmative and negative. These contentions are stated in distinct, concise proportions which cover the issues in the question and which, if proved, will establish the case on the one side or the other. Only a few of the best references are given and these will be found amply sufficient for the average student debater. This is a very instructive volume, carefully outlined and with arguments chosen with a view of their direct bearing upon the subject discussed. ("Both Sides of 100 Public Questions." By Shurter & Taylor. Hinds, Noble and Eldridge.)

"War"

When John Luther Long wrote "Madam Butterfly" he did his best work, and never since has he proffered anything up to that standard. In a recent novel, "War," he has moments of genius and that straightforward art that makes for great things, but he overloads his situations and his lines with sentiment, to a cloying degree. The story is that of an old German whose two sons are sacrificed in the Civil War, although most of the story is laid in rural Maryland, and not on the battlefields. The tale lacks sincerity and the realities of human intercourse. It is splendid to paint the idealistic, but there is such a thing as overdrawing it, and this Mr. Long has done to the point of being saccharine. ("War." By John Luther Long. Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.
March 19, 1913

Not coal lands 016762
NOTICE is hereby given that Henry Grey, whose post-office address is 1312 W. 38th Place, Los Angeles, California, did, on the 30th day of October, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 016762, to purchase the SW¼,

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
March 22, 1913.

Not coal lands 016159

NOTICE is hereby given that Melakie E. Shedoudy, whose post-office address is 3865 Normandie ave, Los Angeles, California, did, on the 12th day of August, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 016159, to purchase the N½NW¼ (Lot 1, NE¼NW¼), Section 19, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. E. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$201.15, the stone estimated at \$100.58, and the land \$100.57; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 4th day of June, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

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Stocks & Bonds

Stagnation reigns on the Los Angeles Stock Exchange this week, for the trading has been even less in evidence than was the case last week and the calls are getting to be mere farces, so far as actual transactions are concerned.

There have been only three happenings of interest in financial circles worth recording, a flurry in National Pacific; a decided rise in the price of California Midway; and perceptible tightening of the money market.

National Pacific at this writing is quoted at 4½, a trifle higher than last week's figure, and the sales in this security have been practically the only ones of importance. California Midway is up to 18c after selling as low as 6 and 7c a fortnight ago. At last the hearts of the sturdy stockholders who stuck through three assessments in the last four or five months are gladdened and there is said to have been discovered a prolific well on the company's property.

Not only are the banking institutions demanding the best of security in real estate only for their loans which they are now making, but they are asking from eight to ten per cent for their interest. Eight per cent is practically the bottom figure at present, and the majority of loans is being made at a higher rate.

Another week has passed without a single transaction in bank stocks recorded. This is rather unusual in that small lots as a rule pass ownership.

Oil stocks continue unchanged except for the securities noted. Union issues remain the same, with Union Oil alone attracting interest.

Consolidated Mines, which has kept the mining list from being without representation, is another stagnant issue this week.

The industrials also have been lifeless. Consolidated Realty has not advanced or manifested activity even though the dividend rate was increased last week. This evidences the apathetic condition of the market. The short term debenture notes issued by the Pacific Light and Power Company have yet to figure on board trading.

Bonds continue inactive.

Banks and Banking

Tribute to the memory of W. C. Patterson was paid this week by the directorate of the First National Bank, with which for so long he had been connected, when resolutions of sorrow were adopted. The resolution reads:

Whereas the board of directors of the First National Bank has heard with profound sorrow of the death of W. C. Patterson, late vice-president of this bank;

Resolved, That in the removal of W. C. Patterson by death, which occurred at Naples, Italy, May 1, 1913, this community has sustained a great loss.

Stock and Bond Briefs

In a comprehensive article the London Mail has pointed out that out of nine offerings of high-grade bonds the total subscription in no individual case exceeded 20 per cent, which means that the underwriters have been forced to take 80 per cent of the total. In order better to understand the congested condition of the foreign investment market, it is well to point out the character of these recent applications for new

capital which have met with such a scant public response. They are: The Brazilian 5s, \$55,000,000 offered, 6 per cent taken; City of Edmonton 5s, \$4,340,000 offered, 20 per cent subscribed; Madras and Southern Mahratta Railway 5½s, \$8,000,000 offered, 13 per cent subscribed; New South Wales 4s, \$15,000,000 offered, 16 per cent taken; Union of South Africa 4s, \$15,000,000 offered, 6 per cent subscribed, and West Australia 4s, \$10,000,000 offered, 13 per cent subscribed. It is pretty well established in the minds of the public that the great profits that have been accumulated and the fortunes that have been made in recent years have come through underwritings, and promotional undertakings rather than from the results directly traceable to earnings of the enterprises themselves. Of course, in time a period of such prosperity and business undertaking must come to an end through the sheer exhaustion of available capital for such forms of investments as these undertakings offer. The question that is puzzling thoughtful men at the present time is whether we have reached that point in the world's development or not. If so, there must be a period of liquidation of a rather extensive character. If the present shortage of available capital can be overcome through a period of rational progress and the creation of new wealth, the nations most affected may avoid any prolonged period of readjustment.

Speaking of the attitude of the Investment Bankers' Association toward laws of the "blue-sky" type, George B. Caldwell, president of the association, says: "I believe it is fortunate for all well meaning business that the investment bankers possess an organization to meet the recent remarkable growth of 'blue sky' legislation throughout the country. Not only has the Investment Bankers' Association led in a campaign for some laws of this kind in the United States, but its co-operation has been sought for and lent outside our borders in the interest of wise legislation. As an association we have in no wise disproved any law wisely drawn to suppress the sale of wild-cat securities and losses yearly borne by honest but ignorant investors. We have been on the defensive only when these laws or proposed laws unnecessarily and unjustly hamper legitimate business. Our membership of 400 is composed of the largest and oldest firms dealing in bonds, so we are largely a bond dealers' organization. In other words, our membership distributes more than 75 per cent of the secured form of credit. Our greatest difficulty is and always has been to create a distinction between bond dealers and those who do business purely as brokers or stock dealers. Blue-sky legislation has clearly shown what real investment bankers are, and should be compared with the so-called "investment banker" who sells cheap stocks referred to as "blue sky."

San Diego continues to issue bonds, and there is a possibility of an election on \$850,000 for park improvements and \$150,000 for additional pipe lines. It is also thought that a contagious hospital will be an issue.

Sealed bids will be received up to 2 p.m., June 9, by the board of supervisors, Los Angeles county, for \$35,000



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of the Bassett school district, bonds of \$500, with 5% interest.

Up to 11 a.m., June 9, the board of supervisors, San Bernardino county, will receive bids for the \$50,000 Ontario school district bonds of \$1000 each, bearing 5% interest.

In July or August Riverside voters will consider a good roads bond issue of \$1,500,000.

As the recent school bond election of \$50,000 in Glendale has been declared illegal, a second election is to be called.

Watts is forming the bond-issuing habit, and June 17 will vote on \$85,000 for a municipal water system and \$15,000 for a fire system.

Pomona is considering a school bond election of \$30,000.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
March 22, 1913.

Not coal lands 015927
NOTICE is hereby given that Hubert R. Holland, whose post-office address is care Elks' Club, Los Angeles, California, did, on the 5th day of July, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 015927, to purchase the NE¼ SW¼, Section 11, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$60.00 and the land \$40.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 5th day of June, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California. Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

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Undivided Profits, \$73,000.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
S. W. Cor. Seventh and Spring

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W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.
Capital Stock, \$1,250,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$1,625,000.

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Corner Fourth and Main

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V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier.
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Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK
S. E. Cor. Third and Spring

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J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier.
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Profits, \$800,000.

NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA
N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring

J. E. FISHBURN, President.
H. S. McKEE, Cashier.
Capital, \$500,000.00. Surplus and
Undivided Profits, \$200,000.

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK
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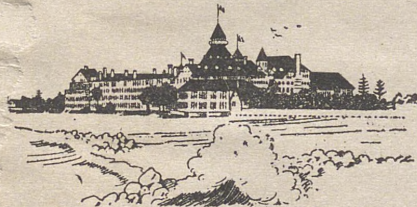
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